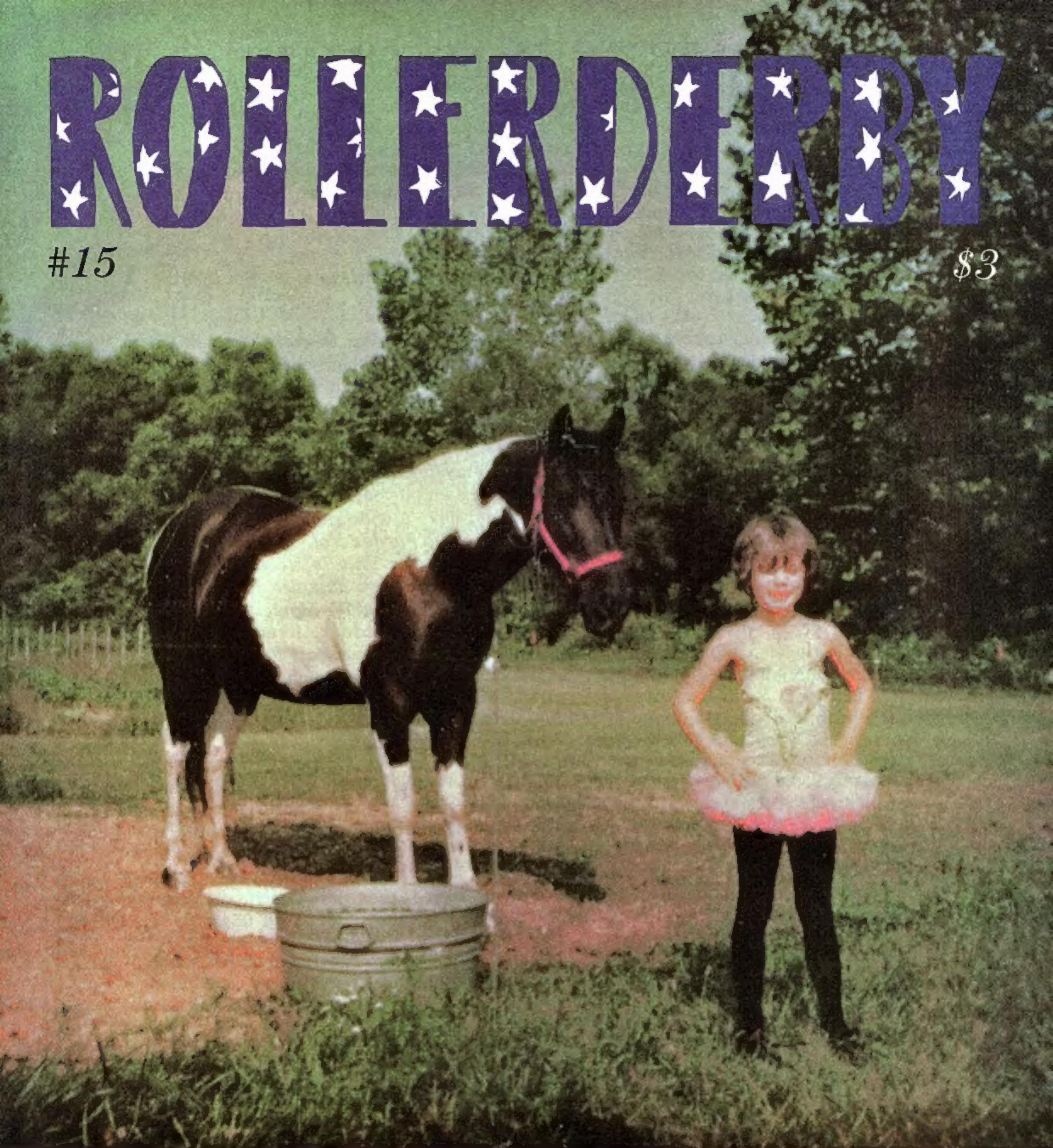


# ROLLER DERBY

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*Girls + Horses: The Romance*

# VERY PERSONALS

Open Minded, cute, pensive, male 24, would like to hear from any punk/alternative female, 18-28, who is cute, insightful, funny, creative, and truly likes and respects herself. For uninhibited friendship and lust. (M.S., P.O. Box 680116, Flushing, NY 11368) *But can a cute, creative girl find true happiness with a cute, pensive boy?*

SWF seeks whippin' clown for fun in the sun. (Miss Christine, 86 South 8th, Brooklyn, NY 11211) *what's a whippin' clown?*



Fat, lazy, porch-swinging Southern gentleman would like to correspond with women, eligible women, or women who are eligible for parole, who like chicken, especially fried chicken, but not that baked chicken served in a sauce with rice, that's nasty. Y'all write to P.O. Box 2602, Winchester, VA 22604.

*I saw this fellow at a show once, -- he's cu-u-ute (seriously).*

Tell me your dreams. Am I in them? Tell me your fears. Are you scared?...hold on. This is not going to be one of those psycho-mysterious bullshit personals. I'm male, 23, plainish, tall and slightly fat, part-time employed, and lacking direction in life. I'm down-to-earth, pretty laid-back, and have a wide range of humor and aesthetics. For instance, albums I like include: *Hit Parade Vol. 1*, *Pottymouth*, *Little Feat*, *Everything Went Black*, *Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere*, *The Germs' Rock and Rule*, *Europe '72*, *Black and Blue*, *Alien Summer Nights* and various Spacemen 3 stuff. TV shows I like: *Fry & Laurie*, *Mystery Science Theater 3000*, *The Young Ones* (and spin-offs), *Blackadder*. I read as well: Rucker's *Master of Space and Time*, Fry's *The Liar*, Bouton's *Ball Four*, Camus' *The Fall* and Nin's *Delta Of Venus*. Favorite movies: A whole bunch. Lemme save that for later. Yeah, I even get out of the house occasionally, and would even more if I had a girlfriend. So what're YOU doing? (Chris, Old Stage Rd., Alexandria, VA 22308. Write a lot.) *Is this a whippin' clown?*



*This sweet man would be very stimulating to a gentle girl.* Presently I am a 31-year-old male Anarchist interested in meeting a female who is culturally and physically alive. Wanting to travel and study America's disintegration firsthand from a Spenglerian aspect would be helpful. I am a bibliophile and necrophile who mostly likes to read (novels, poetry and history) and to walk the streets at night. Also, I'm interested in sex, something I've never had with a human. And I am generally warped socially. I look rather like Chairman Mao, but am not Chinese. (William C. Niles, 38 South St., Essex Junction VT 05452)

*Sometimes Jaina is too subtle for her own good. So I'll tell you in plain English* **UNTAMED HEIRESS!** Onomona poetic triple-entendre packing punster seeks shameless pataphysician for high speed merging and long steamy scrabble tournaments in bed. Pun-ish me with your tongue! Non smokers only. (Jaina A. Davis, Executrix, P.O. Box 40791, San Francisco, CA 94140-0791)

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*radio ad describes the man I want for Jaina: He "needs to shave several times a day, & does "gladly"*

Dear Readers: I hope I haven't driven away all future personals inquiries by my unsolicited comments, thus cheating myself out of the five dollars in profits I was bound to make over the next five years, and cheating lusty Rollerderby readers out of the chance of finding each other. Send in your *Very Personal* (and \$2) and I promise not to ridicule you if you don't deserve it. I'll print a little photo of you, too, *FOR FREE*. (PO BOX 18054, DENVER CO 80218)



## I'M SAD KURT'S DEAD

\* I just found out Ted Nugent said he, too, is "glad Kurt's dead," because he represented everything disgusting in our culture, & maybe people like him would follow his example. Me and the *Nuge*, we're like that:



because now I have to hear about him even more than when he was alive. Even my poor old mother called to talk about it. My friends who have always ridiculed or ignored Nirvana suddenly think his death means something. Death is no tragedy. People die all the time. What's tragic is that that mumbly hypocrite was the voice of our generation. Kurt did possess in spades the most defining characteristic of the 20-somethings: he didn't want to be pigeonholed. Now there's a characteristic to knock your socks off! A pigeonhole is a little recess for pigeons to nest in, or a compartment for papers. What would happen if all the mail and notes for teachers weren't pigeonholed? "Revolution?" queries a gal who gets only \$400 per month in trust funds. No--nobody would get their mail, that's what. Refusing to be classified as male or female, black or white,<sup>1</sup> child or adult, rich or poor,<sup>2</sup> worker or bum--saying we're not anything--doesn't mean we're fucking the system; it means we're being good little Gen X-ers, defining ourselves by what we don't do, by mistakes we haven't made. Dostoyevsky said God loves a hot sinner better than a nontemperated abstainer--or something like that. History loves a person who makes a really big mistake, but doesn't even acknowledge the existence of those who never made one at all. My generation is trying desperately to be unacknowledged. They needn't fret so--I believe that's the one thing Generation X will succeed in doing. If Kurt Cobain really is responsible for homogenous clothes, pride at being a confused loser, and messy music I can't figure out a word of, then I'm glad he's dead. \*

They say his music is good! The man got one idea--slow and ominous and mumbling, then cacophonous and yelling as if drunk and miserable, then slow and ominous and mumbling, etc.--and used it again and again and again and again. And then about 500 other bands used it again and again and again and again.

They call him eloquent. Surely they don't refer to his lyrics. Or maybe they do--people always think that what they can't figure out must be deep. They say he had integrity, was uncompromising. Because he wore a shirt that says "Corporate Magazines Still Suck" on the cover of *Rolling Stone*? That's just rude. That's like going to a rich person's house for dinner and complaining that the food's too fancy. Just don't go if you don't want to. Here's another integrity story: a person who knows Kurt's hairdresser and who has no reason to be malevolent says Kurt would have his hair bleached so that the roots were showing (so that he would *look* poor and sloppy even though he *was* rich and pampered). He was a media sensation pretending he was still underground; he was beloved by the masses but pretended he was an underdog; he was a rock god pretending he was a geek--meanwhile smashing things up and getting drunk more often than the villainous Axl Rose. (People say why couldn't Axl Rose, misogynist, homophobic asshole, have died instead of gender-fucking, jockophobic, reluctant spokesperson of our generation Kurt Cobain? Hey, Axl Rose *articulates*, even when he has an unpopular belief to express, without hiding behind obscure images and a slurred voice--why doesn't anyone call him eloquent? Well, I will.)

"Cobain was tenderhearted," proclaims the front-page *San Francisco Examiner* obituary. "He hated that his band had become so

<sup>1</sup>Bumperstickers say "Celebrate Diversity," but the people in the car, whether Asian, white, black or Hispanic, wear the same baggy clothes and baseball caps and dreadlocks (if possible) and piercings.

<sup>2</sup>Yeah, yeah--we're all poor. Like the poor Benetton girl behind me in line at the bank, bitching about how her parents won't give her more money because they don't believe her when she said she was desperate. Moisten my eyes! No one's poor. We have parents or SSI, we get promo records and we're "on the list" at the club. We have all that money we saved by not buying "into the system"--Generation X thinks it's *noble* or something to live off others for no reason but laziness. And everyone dresses and lives in identical seediness anyway, whether a part-time dishwasher or a trust fund-baby.

Editor: Lisa Crystal Carver  
Guest Editors: Carrie Lindsay and  
Kerry McLaughlin  
Intern: Jenny Della Santa  
Color Separations: World Litho

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popular that the same kind of knucklehead kid who once taunted and tortured him were buying his music and claiming it as their own." (Can you believe they're using a word like "knucklehead" in a professional newspaper? That newsman must've been some shook up!) Ooh, I hate that kind of snobbism that pretends not to be snobbism--"only the really smart, really weird people can listen to my music." I wouldn't care if a *kitten torturer* read *Rollerderby*--maybe he'd learn some appreciation of animals. And if he learns nothing, oh well. These anticensorship benefit performers like Kurt are just into a differently targeted censorship.

Here's another tender-hearted Kurt story, recalled fondly by a friend of his: Nirvana went over to this person's house and went through the absent roommate's CDs, took out all the "bad" ones, piled them on the table and burned them.

Jocks and models are "bad;" certain CDs are "bad"--what Kurt Cobain liked and was was considered "real" because it was the opposite of what's been "cool" for the past few decades. Those whose tastes and behavior are merely a reaction against what has been popular lately have no independence of thought or understanding of relativity. Kurt was dumb.

There is one thing that impressed me. His suicide note said he felt "guilty beyond years...that the manic roar of the crowd doesn't effect me as much as it did Freddie Mercury. I can't fool you." To measure your worth in life by how similar your feelings are to Freddie Mercury's really tickles my funny bone.

## HE DID NOT DIE IN VAIN

for if I hadn't gotten so annoyed at the pervasiveness of the esteem this loser got upon dying, I might have stayed put in my room and not realized how serious things had gotten out there. We've been complaining about being embarrassed to belong to a generation that embarrasses us because it complains so much. Well we responsible, well-groomed people don't have to feel like outcasts from our own generation anymore--we can *ditch* Generation X and make our own. Someone must rise up and take care of things, and it might as well be me. I feel up to the job. I have many qualifications for being the new voice of our new generation: I'm younger than Kurt, cuter, and I don't mumble. Where he was confused and miserable, I'm confident and cheerful. As consort to the voice of a generation, Boyd is just as outspoken as Courtney, but he's not an asshole. Kurt's best friend was Jad Fair (I think). Doesn't Jad Fair's voice *bug* you? My best friend, Rachel (24), enforces fishing laws for a living, and the fishermen tell her, "If I can't fish here anymore, how am I going to put boots on my son's feet this winter--can you tell me that?" That must be a very character-building experience, don't you think? A lot more so than touring Europe and getting free beer. I think she'll do a good job as a fresh and hearty vice-voice of our generation. Plus, my baby won't be going through heroin withdrawal, so I'll have more time and a better temper to handle my responsibilities as Voice.

As a member of Generation L, you need feel no more shame. Instead, you can show off your figure as you get rich. We'll make leaps and bounds. We'll make mistakes left and right. We'll be *exciting*.

Generation L is not exactly new--we've always been here, struggling individually to express ourselves, but now we'll have a banner of our *own* to feel good about: "Devil May Care. Here We Come!" (or something like that--we'll work out the details later).

Generation L versus Generation X isn't even gonna be a fair fight. How can we *not* win against people who have no weapon save bragging about their indecisiveness? How can people who define their *own* music as "losercore" *not* lose when challenged by a valiant people with a million ideas and the ego to carry them out? (And it's not just the predominately white indie crowd who revel in failure--the latest tag scrawled on bath-

## Manifesto of Generation L

- \*No losers.
- \*All women wear makeup.
- \*The men have muscles and erections and fix things when they're broken. They carry both bags of groceries.
- \*Learn foreign languages--they're pretty and practical, and you can try 'em out on the foreigners you meet on luxury cruises.
- \*Buy your parents some flowers and quit bugging them.
- \*All blacks have big afros.
- \*Females of all races wear blue sparkly eyeshadow. (Green sparkly every now and then for variety, or smoky kohl for a sultry evening look.)
- \*Horses, not horse. Fly like the wind, don't droop and drool. Wastecases are nowheresville.
- \*Whiners get killed.
- \*Don't take all day figuring out how to get into a movie for free --just plunk your money down and get on with it. Charismatic as you are, more money will come to you like rain to the ground; no need to sneak around like dogs after someone else's scraps.
- \*Write about trees and animals and sexy stuff and cooking. Do not revel all life long in whatever sickness comes your way. Angst is no more romantic than the common cold, and should be treated as such.
- \*Lyrics are beautiful.
- \*Get up early.
- \*No one uses that Valley girl/stoner boy accent, even as a joke. Speak like human beings.
- \*More naked flesh.
- \*No sympathetic ears for the ne'er-do-wells. Failure comes from one source only: the one who fails. A mistake made once is experience; made three times it's failure.
- \*Dancing.

P.S. You've probably noted that Generation L is to a large extent a reaction against Generation X--and Kurt's reacting against things is what made me call him dumb. I have ulterior motives: I've wanted to be in People for 15 years now, and have finally decided that my individual merits are not going to do the trick--the media needs a term (like "Riot Grrl") to fixate on. It's a silly scam, I know, but I also mean it--Generation X embarrasses me, and it's the one thing from which I wish to revolt.

My publicist is Victoria Wheeler, Autotonic: (212) 260-3389



## Unicorn

by Carrie Lindsay, 10

With soaring footsteps in ecstasy fall,  
Pounding the Earth that was made for us all,  
Looking at the world through proud happy eyes,  
Everything of great beauty and immeasurable size.  
Our end lies at the pearly spiral's point,  
Living each day so wildly and quaint,  
Receiving God's gift with such humbleness and pride.  
Over the hills and fountains we glide.  
Live each day till we reach the end of our horn,  
Oh the joy of being a carefree unicorn.

room doors across San Francisco reads: "Suckass Hispanic Ladies." Hispanic members of Generation L are definitely not suckass. And they don't deface property.) Should we keep the designation Generation X around--for those stragglers left sitting slack-jawed on the couch, sucking a bong in front of the tube, stewing in conspiratorial sociopolitical doo-hickey--or should we just drown the lot of them in our rising tide? Well, obscurity is what Generation X wants, it's what they always sing and make movies about, so I say let's give it to 'em! We'll never mention them again. Generation L aims to please.

*Call the papers and tell them! If they don't call me soon, I'll just have to call them and say, "I'm ready to give my acceptance speech now." I am ready. So are you--Generation L is a real ready bunch. There's a new day dawning. And thank god, 'cause it's been a long, boring night. Suddenly I am proud to be 25 in 1994, because I see now all the great things we're going to do and be. Shake it.*



photo: Jaina

**Lisa Crystal Carver  
is ready to be your Voice.**

my Baby Looks just like Me:  
big head & skinny little body

Got a sonogram at four months. They bounced sound waves off my baby & this is what appeared on the computer screen:



It's about 8 inches long.  
It's littleness excites me.  
It is actually DEVELOPING  
organs where there were none. I  
am so proud. I feel like  
I'll melt into the sky.

interview with 251 stages

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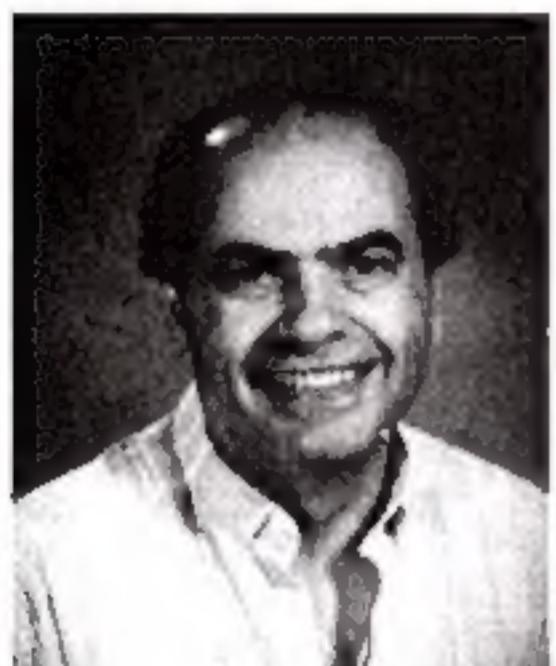
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# JIM SPAGG: Portland's Nude Bomb

Jim Spagg is a very hairy dead ringer for Danny Devito. At around 10 PM on Portland Public Access, he dances naked to the Traveling Wilburys and The Cars. "The Jim Spagg Sex Show" is an entire hour of Spagg and odd-shaped friends--spunky and naked. In between his dance routines, Spagg shows footage from a nude beach in the 1960s or he'll exclaim from the shower "I love to wash my nuts!" while the camera zooms in on his small, uncircumcised penis. The screen consistently flashes his phone number and slogans like "Holy Moly Gorgonzoly!" The highlight of the Spagg show I caught was the spiteful tune Spagg composed about his neighbor who Spagg claims seduced his girlfriend while he was in the Multnomah County Jail. It is called "Indian Welder" after the neighbor's heritage and occupation and the chant-like chorus goes something like, "Indian Welder fucking his neighbor's woman/While his neighbor's in prison." Brilliant! He does give the disclaimer, though, that not all Native Americans are perverts.

Spagg repeatedly claims he does the show because he is an artist and he wants to show that nakedness is not dirty. He also wants to meet a nice lady. What separates Spagg from other goofy public access shows are his subtle references to being in jail, being currently on trial and his on the air denial of being a kiddie pornographer. He is convinced the Portland Police are out to get him. To me, Spagg harks back to a lost generation--he is one of the few left in their hot tub wondering, "Hey, what happened to the sexual revolution, baby?" In this interview, Spagg talks animatedly and A LOT about jail, Indian Welders, the police, how nudity can cut crime and his life as an artist.



MY HIGH SCHOOL ADVISOR,  
Mike Mansolino  
IS A CLOSE LIKENESS TO  
SPAGG

**KERRY:** What landed you in jail?

**SPAGG:** Well--this is all a political situation. I was living in Atlanta a couple of years ago and in the state of Georgia it is illegal to sell X-rated videos, but to me, this tasted a lot like spitting on the sidewalk: I didn't think anyone would enforce it. I was selling videos out of my house on a full time basis because I believed in it and I needed a little money too. But, I figure people have a right to this, so...

**KERRY:** What kind of videos were they?

**SPAGG:** X-rated--they're legal here in Oregon, which is a point to be considered later in the story. So I had a lady living with me. She had lived with me for fifteen years. Anyways, a cop two counties away called me up and said he had a company car and wasn't allowed to leave the county and would I deliver some stuff to him and I said, well I don't *do* that. People come to my house. I never delivered. He says he has this company car and "you can certainly find a way to come out here." He says, "Look, I'll buy a lot of videos if you come bring them out. I'll buy \$250 worth."

**KERRY:** Did you know it was a cop?

**SPAGG:** Well, I did ask him, "Are you a cop?" He says, "No,no,no." So he calls back and says "Bring a bunch of them and I'll buy \$500 worth." I says, "Well I had a friend out there I wanted to visit so I guess I'll bring 'em by." Well, of course he turned out to be a cop and I did not actually break the law. I did not distribute any obscene material because they did not pay me for anything. I did not give them anything, they confiscated

it. They had taken a number of [videos], but they charged me with only four because they had to show each one in the court trial... So, I pleaded "not guilty" because I felt I had a first amendment right to sell this stuff even if it's against the law and all that jazz. So, this is four months in the process of when they arrested me and when I came to trial and now the judge says, "I'm gonna take one month for pre-sentence investigation." And I thought, "What the hell? I thought I was gonna be sentenced the minute they found me guilty!" So, I'm thinkin' what does this mean--maybe it means I should get the hell out of Dodge. So I start asking around and everybody says "Well, it's a *misdemeanor*." They don't extradite people on misdemeanors as long as they're more than one state away.

So, I had this lady living with me and it turns out she has cancer. Breast cancer. She had it pretty bad. I didn't like the idea of no one being there to take care of her, because I pretty much took care of her. She wasn't retarded, but she was borderline, you know?

**KERRY:** Uh huh.

**SPAGG:** She had been a good friend for all this time. We weren't married because I didn't feel she was wife material for me, but at least neither of us was lonesome because we were living together and she had her boyfriends and I had my woman friends. So I decided, "Okay, that's what I'll do, because they're not gonna come get me. I'm doing them a favor, maybe they just wanted me to leave town." So I took the month to pack up and left on the day I was supposed to go to court. I

went all the way up to Seattle. I like the big city, I like lots of opportunities, I like lots of people and the weather. The weather brought me to Atlanta, I'm originally from Ohio and it gets too cold in the winter. Cleveland's a good city, it's very culturally rich, I like it, but it's too damn cold. So I went to Atlanta and it was too hot in Atlanta plus the Bible Belt plus this situation. I decided the Northwest was best.

When I was in Atlanta, I was doing a show similar to what I'm doing here, it was called "Jim Spagg's Live Atlanta." It was a zany, happy show. I replayed the Live Atlanta here in Portland to give people an idea of what was coming and a lot of people really loved it. So, I did the Live Atlanta and started the Portland Call In Show. They keep getting me on little technical things--get me on this, get me on that. In fact, I even got suspended because they thought a kid that was under 18 was in my audience. They had me off a month or so until they realized they couldn't prove that anyone was under 18.

KERRY: Uh huh.

SPAGG: Now, I had met a lady through the show. On the show, I act like a real goof, I act like a jerk and everything--

KERRY: Uh huh.

SPAGG: The woman at the access station--I said I'm gonna meet a woman through this show--and she says, "How you gonna meet a woman when they see how goofy you are?" I says, "The kinda woman I'm gonna meet is gonna see through that and she'll know that I'm really a good guy even though I act like a jerk." And that's exactly what happened. This really nice woman called me and she started asking me questions and all this...this is like a scientific process, you know, she had these questions and she checked me out and we finally met. We hit it off real well and we saw each other a lot and we developed a real wonderful relationship to the point that we were hoping to marry each other. Well, one time she was over at my house and....she brought all her children over to my house and they watched the show with me and they liked the show and I let them answer some of my phone calls on the show and I gave them a Spagg T-shirt. The kids liked me great. They told their grandparents what a great guy I was and their grandparents immediately told them what a *sleazeball* I was and just completely turned those boys against me. So, one time she was over at my house and her brother dropped the boys off. They're running around the halls so finally I says, "Well, let them in." So she lets them in and she's talking to her husband on the phone and the kid starts yelling something in to the phone to get his father all infuriated and after that I can't tell you what happened because this is the legal case that is coming up. In any case, it was nothing.

Anyway, the cop says everything seems okay but that she should leave with her husband. Now, the other cop was looking at me funny--I think he knew I was Jim Spagg. He comes up with this speech [*adopts goofy slow voice*], "You know, there have been some new laws regarding child abuse and I might be remiss in my duty if I did not call my supervisor and ask him what I should do here." Well, I knew what was coming and, yep, they arrested me. I went to jail and when I was in jail they checked around and found out there was a warrant for me in Georgia. Now Georgia *did not want me* because they don't extradite people on misdemeanors! But these people in Portland begged and asked them to take me! I've had lawyers fuck me in the past. Could be my own lawyer even was giving me advice 'cause when I got down there they said, "I'm surprised you threw in. If you'd kept fighting, we woulda given up because of the paperwork!" You see now, I was gone over a year and during that time, my neighbor--the Indian Welder--KERRY: (*laughs*)

SPAGG: You've heard the song, so you know what happens. I mean I'm on his fucking ass because he is my neighbor, see. My neighbor fucked me and now I'm there letting my neighbor know how wonderful I feel about what a responsible neighbor he was! I'm driving him nuts! In the meantime, he has assaulted me twice and the police did not take him away either time! But I shouldn't be surprised because I'm told that the police--even though they act like they don't know who I am--all know who I am. They want to get me.

See, I got charged with assault. I absolutely, positively refuse to make a deal because I do not want any record of being a violent person. I am *not* a violent person! I went over to the Indian Welder's house, knocked on his door, and he jumped out of his house and hit me and kicked me thirty or forty times. I did not try to hit him back once. Which proves I am not a violent person. I'm not doing nothing and the goddamn cops did not take him away! It is amazing! Then, when he

*interview and illustrations*  
*by Kerry McLaughlin*



does it a second time, they still don't! On the second time, he lied to them and says that I swung at him. That's why they didn't take him away. He actually lied to the police and that will be another charge on him, because I'll prove that I didn't get him.

Everytime I see him--I go out in my yard 'cause it's my yard and I can go out in my yard--I express myself, I say what I say on my property. If I have the opinion that he's a dirty, low down, stinky, rotten, cocksuckin', motherfuckin' scumbag dog dick licker I can say that--and I do it very often. It annoys him for some reason. See, one day he was out there and I came out and started calling him all these names. He rolled down his window and said, "Get a life!" Well, *suuuure*, that's so easy to say, he took my life from me! He's got my life right now and now I should get a life! He's the fucker that should go get a life and give me my life back! Her and I were planning on spending the rest of our lives together!

KERRY: How long were you in jail for?

SPAGG: I spent three months in the Portland jail, and fourteen horribly terrible, rotten, miserable days in transit in a little Ford van riding with a bunch of hardened criminals, zig-zagging across the United States to get to Georgia. Then I spent about seven months in the work camp and then they didn't release me from there because I had a minor traffic offense--which was later disposed of--so I went to another jail for two weeks. It was a total of about eleven months. While I was in there I wrote a book about all this and I'm planning to publish it. It tells about the Multnomah jail, it tells about the terrible trip across the country, it tells about the work farm.

KERRY: What inspired "The Jim Spagg Sex Show?"

SPAGG: That's a good question. I've said so many times that the most important thing I can tell you about myself, aside from the fact that I am a human being, is that I am an artist. To me, that is very profound. I have actually been an artist since I was five years old and I don't mean just a guy who has the ability to draw. I mean a man who has the attitude and philosophy and way of life of an artist. I've lived my life as an artist. I think you can understand what that means. Artists are a different than other people, they're a little more open minded, they're a little more free willed, they're creative. They try and see everything rather than two or three

things. They look up and see the clouds. Artists see the clouds. I love clouds, I think they're beautiful. I love people. I love life, you know? To me, it's not where you're at, it's who you're with.

I have quite a diversified background as an artist. I've had jobs college students have had--I'm not a college student, I've had a couple years of college. My work has been in art museums! They're are a lot of really good artists around, but not many artists can say their work has actually been in a museum. My work has been in the Cleveland Museum of Art, the Youngstown, the Akron, the Kent... I express myself in many ways: I do watercolors, acrylics, oils, ceramics, sculpture, poems, dancing, singing--I write songs. Now I'm doing video. Video is my latest way of expressing myself as an artist.

KERRY: Tell me about the slogans that flash on the screen.

SPAGG: They're things I made up. For example, this may be old now, but it used to be people said "jumpin' jehosephats!" Did you ever hear that expression?

KERRY: Yes.

SPAGG: Well, I changed it to "Jumpin' Jehorseyfarts!"

KERRY: Clever!

SPAGG: People would say "Holy Moly" and I went on with "Holy Moly Gargonzoly!" People would say "Mama Mia" and I went on with "Mama Mia Pizzaria! Everyone's got diarrhea!"

KERRY: Wow! Pushing the limits!

SPAGG: Yeah! And then a long time ago someone said something about muffdiving and furburgers so I made little expressions about that. One time in high school this seedy guy comes up and says, "Do you know what a guffer is?" and I says, "Okay, what is a guffer?" and he says, "A guffer is somebody who sits in the bathtub and blows farts and bites the bubbles!" This is the same guy who told me the words muffdiver and furger. I haven't used guffer yet.

KERRY: That's a good one. Have you heard "felcher?"

SPAGG: What's that?!

KERRY: It's someone who sucks the fart from someone else's butt. HA HA!

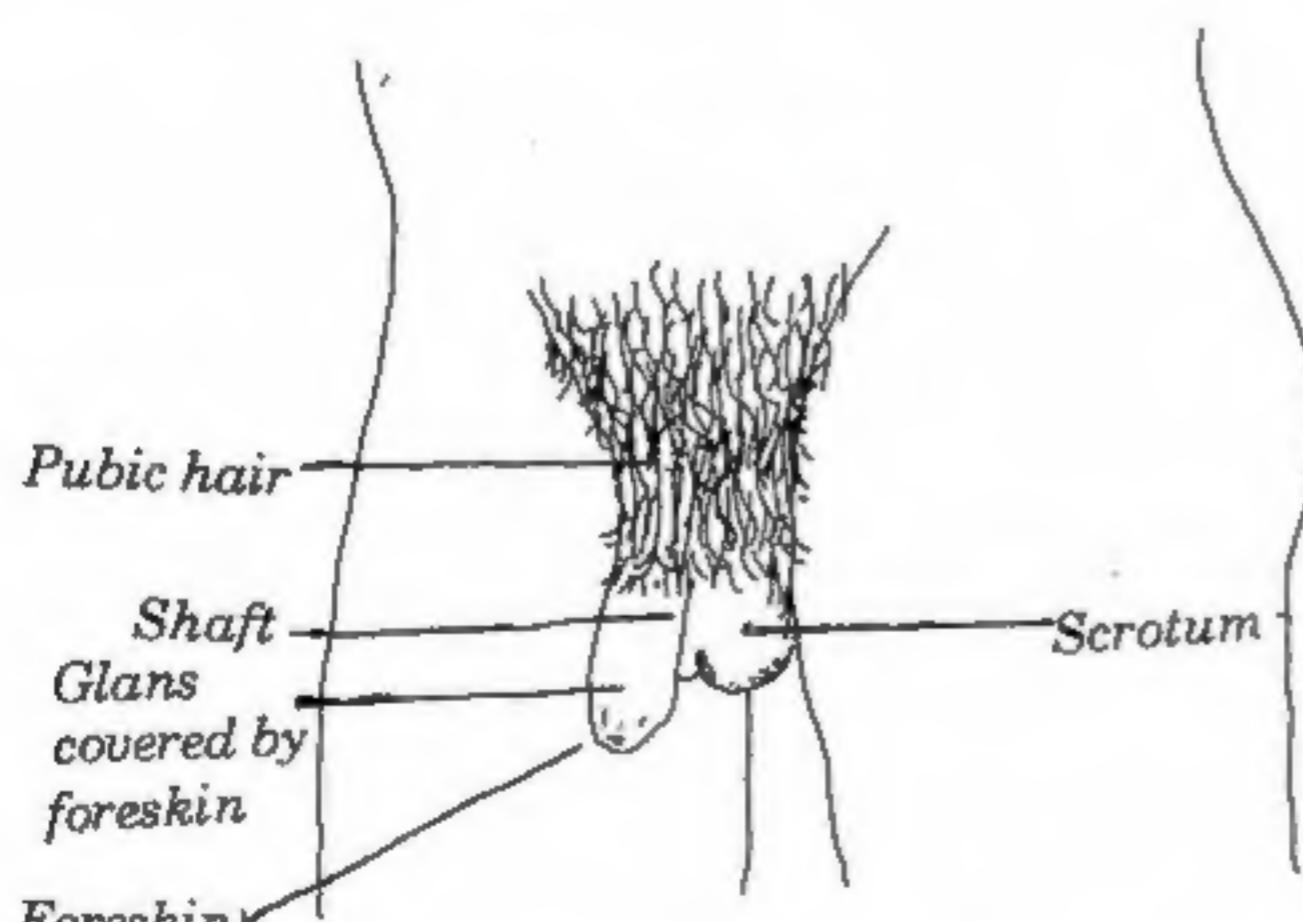
SPAGG: Oh, my lordy me!

KERRY: Have you met a lot of people through the show?

SPAGG: Oh yes I have. It's a funny thing. All my life, I'm really--again--an artist and the funny thing about me is--well, for one thing I'm not into sports, I think it's good exercise, but I think people waste a lot of time being spectators. I don't waste that time, I use that time to develop other things and that's probably why I'm doing so well on this show.

KERRY: You said there were rumors started by the Portland Police that you were a kiddie pornographer.

SPAGG: Since I've been back--you know I want women to call me--one night I'd come back from the studio around 10 or 10:30. This woman calls me and she says, "Hey I'm lonely, would you come over?" I says, "I would if I could spend the night." She says, "Well, okay." We spent the night and it was unusually good. I mean, I've known a lot of women--I'm not Wilt Chamberlain, but I know women--believe me! This woman was special, I was really happy. I was looking forward to a long friendship with this woman. She was talking about being my co-host, etcetera. She had some kind of a scar on her, she'd been in a fire or something, but that's okay. I could live with that. I'm open minded. Oh! I forgot to tell you a



SPAGG has an  
Figure 10 Uncircumcised penis

part of this story [Basically, he asked a cop for directions to her house because he got lost; the cop obliged.] Later on I was calling her and she was sick and I called her again and she couldn't talk so this went on for weeks so I finally called her and I says, "You're not interested in me are you?" She says, "A couple days after you left, the cops came by and told me you were a child molester and kiddie pornographer." I'd heard the rumors before, but not by someone who said the cops told them directly. That plus the fact they didn't arrest the goddamn Indian Welder!

I'm telling you, this guy comes out of there like a bull and he's punching and punching and punching and then he knocks me down and he's kicking and punching and kicking and pushing and he just keeps kicking and punching and then he yells, "Get the hell out of my yard!" While I'm laying there on the ground, I says very calmly, "I will. I will. Please tell her I want her to call me." And he starts kicking and punching and kicking and punching. "Get the hell out of my yard!" And I says, "I will. I will. Please tell her to give me a call." And he starts kicking and punching and kicking and punching! So finally, I figure, "Well, I might as well just get out of the yard" and I start walking out and he

grabs my hand! I'm thinking, 'He's gonna break my fingers off!' I pull my hand away and here he sticks my glasses in my pocket that he knocked off me. Would you hit a man with glasses? Well, he's done it twice already--knocked my damn glasses off. This guy's got no goddamn couth.

KERRY: So how come you're not circumcised?

SPAGG: My mother didn't believe in it and I'm very grateful she didn't! What tears me up is the idea of circumcising girls! Have you heard about that? Ruin a woman's life! The things human beings do! And then what I'm doing is showing normalcy which is really a natural and normal thing and people act like I'm weird. I'm promoting good mental health! I'm doing a public service (by having a friendly show about sex); the reason there is a lot of crime and mental problems is that people are inhibited sexually! They're made to feel ashamed of their body. Your body is a wonderful thing. It's the thing that contains your life! Each part of your body does things! Your legs walk and your hands grab. Enjoy! People are concerned about kids seeing my show. I wish that when I was 11 or 12 years old I could've seen a show like this! I woulda really enjoyed it!

## REGIONAL NAMES FOR THIS TYPE OF HAIRCUT

by Kerry



### Legend

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| A <u>Detroit</u> : Chicago               | F <u>My Brother</u> : Painter Cap                     |
| B <u>Chicago</u> : Detroit               | G <u>Berkeley</u> : Best of Both Worlds               |
| C <u>New York</u> : Shlong (short+ long) | H <u>Southern California</u> : OC cut (Orange County) |
| D <u>Virginia</u> : Route Ones           |   |
| E <u>Oregon</u> : Coos Cut (Coos Bay)    |   |

In New "Tell It Like It Is" Hampshire, (I), it's called a "Short in The Front, Long in The Back." In San Francisco (J), it's "Mudflap." -ed.

DGGx hardcore

Produced and Engineered by Paul D. Zaloom and Sean Booth © 1998 Geffen Records Inc.

? :

# THE NEW SONIC YOUTH

title:

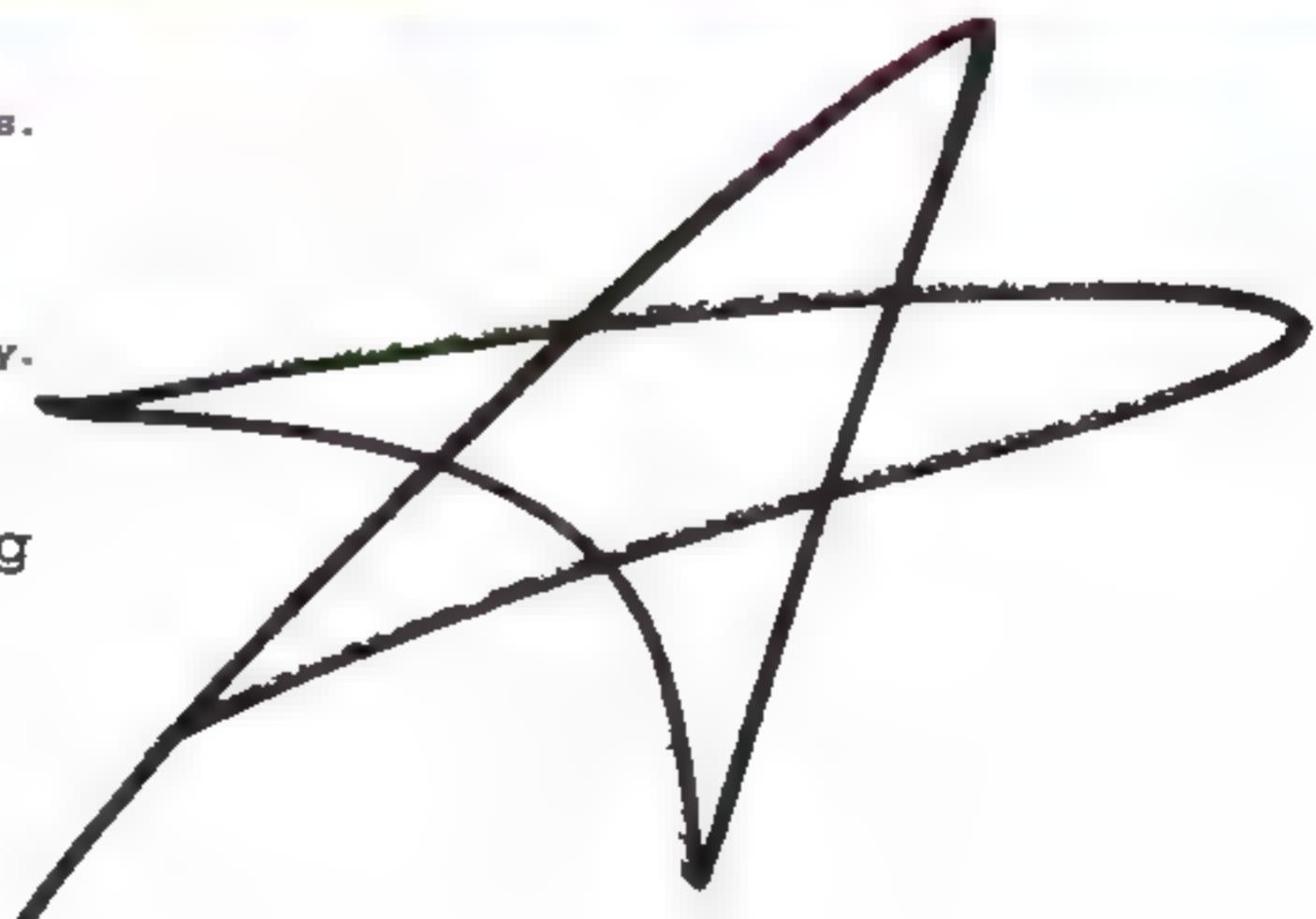
Experimental jet set, TRASH and No Star

hack/plaudit:

Like a secret history of branches.  
More different culture than you can fit in a shaking sack.  
The history of Venus, writ in knots.  
Ahab gobbles a quart of PCP and hooks a whopper.  
Close-fit & way stove up.  
Makes the whole issue of dexterity a cold fish.  
Hold onto yr snacks, this baby was born to nibble.  
As a unit, their cracks are closed. Way closed.  
Bad attitude drenched in yogurt.  
Hey, who invited the bikers?  
No Mormons in this pecking order.  
Rocks like a ship on the goddamn ocean.  
Jesus, I wish William Conrad had lived to hear this.  
Tonya did it.  
Took my brain out, neatly rearranged the tissue, and stuck it in.  
There only used to be forty known directions. Now they'll have to invent.  
Holds up for an hour—fully loaded—with no dribbling.  
Cocktails? Alright!  
Ripping the feathers right outta yr tree.  
An angel-led tour of the land beyond the hyphen.  
Cosmic tones for menial therapy.  
Tears the American flag off its broken pole & uses it.  
Tighter than denim clams doing a goodwill tour of Bu.  
Gelatinous intensity teetering on the brink of total.  
Thimble jockeys riding a white cloud into the dust of.  
Massive control in all the so-called "freak" registe.  
Reinventing dirt never sounded so cool.  
Nine dizzy haystacks and two busted spokes.  
The gush of tongues freed from static splatting again.  
trick.  
Neo-trance wuh played on Sun Ra's thighbones.  
It's somehow fitting that these guys were the ones to.  
Now we know who took the vacuum.  
Bites more hands than you knew you had.  
Pure Turkish form-shoveling amidst a hive of virtual hacks.  
Discovering the wheel in order to reinvent it.  
Death march across a zone of slacker fire.  
Put key in ignition. Turn clockwise. Kaboom.  
Remember pre-history's legacy of beautiful and toxic decay.



p'duced by butch vig  
and sonic youth



(DGC logo)  
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## A Little Bigwig Gossip

by Lisa

Roger Trilling asked me to write for *Details*. We decided that, among other things, I would write about faking orgasms. Roger claimed he could tell if a girl's orgasm was faked. I told him all guys say that--even ones with whom I've successfully faked. He said he could feel certain vibrations that couldn't be reproduced by will. I said he must have a heck of a lot more sensitive penis than every other man on earth then. He asked, "Are we having phone sex, Ms. Carver?" I wouldn't have called it that. Rog told me I was perceptive, divine, and a bunch of other things until I told him I had a boyfriend. He asked what my friends thought of the boyfriend (Roger recognized his name and knew he had a bad reputation). I said they mostly don't like him because they think he's a Nazi. Roger said, "You're the kind of woman who would like a Nazi." (Does that mean perceptive, divine women like Nazis?) No more did Roger talk about *Details* flying me to Hollywood (where Rog happens to live!) to interview Aaron Spelling. When the *Details* came in the mail, I decided I didn't want to be in it. I hate magazines that try to stay on top of new trends. I've always said I'd write for *anyone*, but even amoral women are once in a while too grossed out to go on. I told Roger reading *Details* was like going to a hip fraternity party (the one that's supposedly weird) and I didn't belong there. He said in a manly manner that that was for him to decide, not me. He added in what was supposed to be a tempting voice, "The kill fee\* is \$150. I'm sure you could use that." What made him so sure? One hundred and fifty dollars is nothing to me. A single ad in *Rollerderby* is \$150. (OK--I'm lying. I do like \$150. I'm broke. But I wasn't about to tell Roger "One of the Trillings" Trilling that!) He said, "Don't play games with me, Carver." (!) Oh, this was good! I used sentences with lots of "s" words in 'em to make me sound like a snake. I could hear Rog sucking on his cigarette like there was no tomorrow. After a few more hisses from me and sucking and puffing from him, it was all over. I hung up an unemployed freelance pregnant woman with no health insurance, feeling full of myself. "What do I care about rich people?" declared I, "I'm rich in spirit." I pictured myself as a bold Irish Harlequin Romance heroin heiress disguising myself as a secretary for ulterior motives...and I'm the only woman Cliff Craddock can't tame--and the only one worth taming. I felt like a poor but honest traffic cop with six kids--and the school children treat me politely when I blow my whistle and stop traffic for them. (I'm not sure why I felt that way, but I did.)

Anyway, next thing I knew, I was very happily writing for three Larry Flynt Publications--*Hustler*, *Barely Legal* and *Pure*: magazines with naked ladies instead of dumb old Henry Rollins and greasy old Johnny Depp (who's now going out with Kate Moss!). The editors at LFP don't ask me if we're having phone sex or call me a Nazi-liker. They tell me when to get my assignment in, ask how my fetus is doing, and give me so much money I'm thinking about buying one of those rock piles with water flowing over it to put next to my bed (\$400 for a *little* one!) (I never had a thought

like that before in my whole poor life!).

There was one LFP incident... I think it was a private joke for the *Hustler* editor. I told him I was having a hard time finding clients of prostitutes to interview. He suggested I call "a fat bastard in New York named Al Goldstein" to ask him what it's like to visit call girls. I called Al Goldstein's office, bullied my way through two secretaries, only to be bellowed at by the raspy and fat-sounding man himself, "You tell your small-dicked editor Alan that I should be writing this article, not you! And he's a homo!" I like Al's newspaper *Screw* and was happy at this chance to gain some insight into his character. I learned that Al is not shy or quiet.

What makes me *really* mad is *Ben Is Dead*. I wrote at the editor's request a piece (for free!) on who I consider the sassiest man alive--Vladimir Zhirinovsky. When I received the magazine (3rd class!), there was a surprise: added to my prose were smarmy, misinformed, smartass lines like "This is one mean orphan!" and "This sassy comrade seems hellbent on showing us all he's nobody's buffoon!" Zhirinovsky was *not* an orphan--his mother sent him away to live at school, that's all. And I would never call him "mean" which means "paltry"--he's too big for that. I'd call him "cruel." (A writer's words are like a porn queen's boobs--she must be careful of them.) And I do *not* believe he's "hellbent" on showing "us" he's not a buffoon. "Hellbent" is for self-destructive people; Zhirinovsky is a cool operator. I believe he says the inflammatory things he says because that's what he thinks, and to amuse himself--not to impress us with his unbuffoonery.

I haven't talked to editor Darby to ask her why she did it, because I don't care why. That she did it is enough for me. I did dream that she came to visit me, though, and in my dream I cussed her out. I really let her have it. She was bewildered. "But Lisa, I just put it in doughnut style." Doughnut style, it turns out, is the lifestyle (clothes with pictures of doughnuts on them, the doughnut attitude, etc.) that goes with the sport of coasting down a snowy hill on one stale, plain doughnut. Vladimir had taken up this sport, and Darby thought it appropriate to rewrite my article in doughnut lingo. I got to thinking: Vladimir's bum is a little wide--does he need two doughnuts, one for each cheek? I

### Why I Like To Work For Larry Flynt And Not Details



admired him anew: How youthful and vigorous of him to take up this new, wacky sport. I was still mad at Darby though--just because Vladimir has coasted on a doughnut a few times doesn't mean he's bought into the whole fad. Or that I have to have my name appear over identification and my query "which one is the cutest?" without crediting me (though she did take the time to credit herself for having drawn on the same page a circle with some lettering around it). Go get your OWN *Tiger Beat* attitude, Darby!

What if Vladimir Zhirinovsky ever reads what I supposedly wrote about him in BID? It could happen--people probably gather and send clippings to him. Now he'll think *I'm* a buffoon. I feel so betrayed.

Speaking of Zhirinovsky, I heard that when his firstborn son died, Zhirinovsky's wife cried and cried. Zhirinovsky told her to stop crying--the babe died because he was weak, not fit for life; that's nature's way, etc., etc. Well, this did not calm the weeping lady, and so to demonstrate his words, Zhirinovsky took out his knife and cut the babe's arm off and took a bite (meaning that the weak are food for the strong). Well that stopped her crying!

I don't know if that's true.

### Rollerderby Poll

#### How Do You Keep Your Pussy?

I shave the sides and lips and lightly trim the rest--your basic cut, or so I thought. Have recently learned there is much variety to this private grooming. What do you do? Illustrations/photos welcome. Send to the Denver PO Box.



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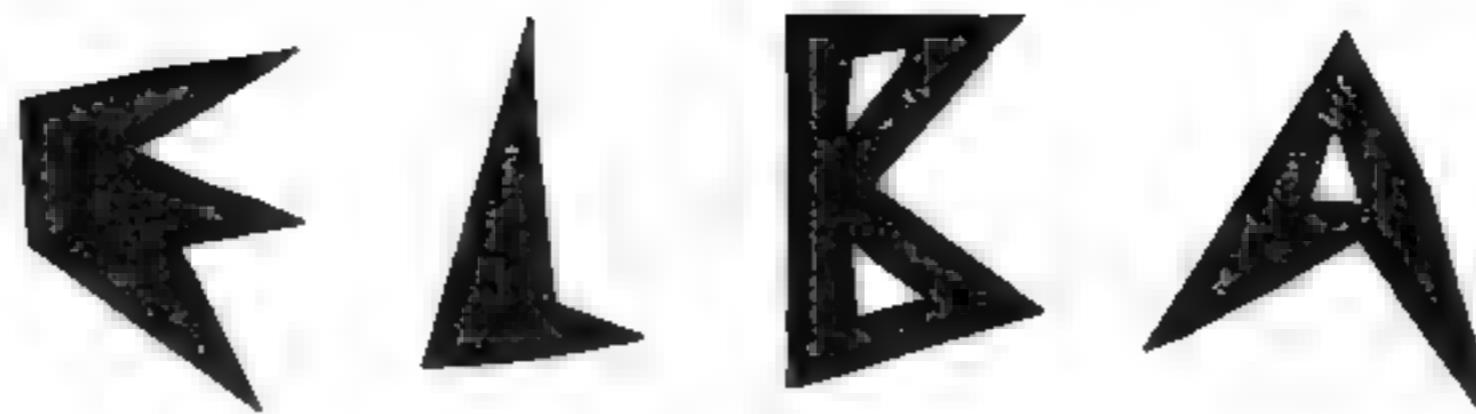
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# She-Beast of the Cosmeticians

by poor little Lisa

How many people are allowed to touch your hair, your neck, your ears? Three only: your lover, your doctor and your beautician. And your parents until you reach a suitable age to tell them to cut it out, but prior to that point, you're too young to have a lover or a beautician, so the number allowed that intimacy is still three, which is a very small one in a world populated by billions.

I enjoy situations where I must be poked, stroked or yanked by a stoic professional, and where decorum requires me to remain poker-faced too, no matter how much the manipulating fingers and instruments hurt, tickle and excite. This might go back to when, as a young girl, I would fake being asleep so that my undemonstrative father would pick me up and carry me to bed. (I believe we enjoyed that ritual equally--he was a loving father who just felt awkward showing it: I bet he was happy for the utilitarian excuse to hold his little girl in his arms. Too, I am sometimes positive my doctor or beautician is secretly enjoying doing things to me as much as I am secretly enjoying having them done. Those sly devils!)

One of the best things about moving is every time you go to get birth control pills in a new town, you have to get another pap smear--even if you just got one in your old town two months ago! I move so much I once got three pap smears in one year. My cervix slants to the left and my uterus tilts backwards--both are unusual arrangements. My doctors probe around in there a long time, saying, "Hm..hm...ah, there it is! Did you know your cervix slants to the left?" "No," I say, surprised every time. Similarly, one of the reasons I get my hair streaked instead of dyed is because streaking takes longer and hurts more.

I heard that the latest *Re/Search* book is about a guy who has had hemophilia or some disease since childhood that requires much pestering by doctors, and because this went on during his adolescent sexual awakening, he came to associate doctors' visits with his own erections (?), and as an adult he went on to get that same thrill by pestering himself or getting his girlfriend to do it. That would never work for me. It is the *illicit* pleasure caused by *necessary* procedures performed by *removed* professionals that gets my temperature rising.

(In fact, I always wondered if my blood pressure and heart rate is actually lower and slower, respectively, than my records indicate, because the application of that puffy black velcro arm band and the feel of cold stethoscope on the tender flesh in the crook of my elbow or on my breast, combined with the faraway, professional look in the doctor's eyes, gets my blood flowing and my heart vaulting every time, no matter how I try to think boring thoughts.)

But I'm getting off track. The point is: There's never been a doctor's visit or a trip to the beauty parlor that I didn't lustily enjoy\*--until Elba.

I didn't know her name was Elba. Unlike the upfront Millie (her services are praised in *Rollerderby* 14) who calls her salon "Millie's", Elba disguises her cruel name under the euphemism "Rose's".

As soon as I walked into Elba's, the portent of what was to come stared me back in the face in the form of a huge portrait of Christ hung on the cross, bleeding and crying and rolling his eyes. *Millie's* salon, by the way, is decorated with uncountable vases of plastic exotic flowers. Iron-on decals of people dancing adorn the bulgy part of the vases.

I'm not even sure Elba's salon is a beauty salon at all. People come in, update everyone on their diseases and the diseases of everyone they know, and leave. The only people who actually had something done to their hair during the four hours I was there were two unfortunate innocents with, as far as I know, no diseases at all--a little boy of two and me.

I arrived for my appointment one fine spring morning promptly at 10--and Elba ignored me! She ignored me for a whole half-hour, engrossed as she was (and as were the other three women--customers?--present) by the tale told by a woman whose husband had to have a liver and lung transplant. (I'd never even *heard* of a lung transplant before.) Elba said, "You know, sometimes they never find a liver or lung to use. Those organs are only good for two, three months--after that they have to throw them away, and people just don't donate like they used to." She asked how the woman's blood pressure was. "Bad. Way up, way up." Elba said, "At least you're thin." "Not thin," the woman

**"She hurt me. She hurt my feelings  
and she hurt my scalp. I've never  
felt so...helpless."**

\*I like grueling school exams too; there the same thing is done to the pupil's mind as is done to the patient's body.

contradicted, "I'm fat!" The woman's daughter was going to have a baby. The daughter wanted to quit her job because she worked with human tissue--in fact, she wondered if she'd already been infected and would have a deformed baby. The reason she had to keep on working was because she was putting her husband through medical school. "I just hope he doesn't leave her as soon as he graduate," sighed Elba. "They do that, you know. Leave her all alone with a deformed baby." Mean, mean Elba.

"You can't trust anyone anymore," said the first woman, who was either black, Asian or Hispanic, "but you have to trust." "Artichokes are good for your blood pressure," advised the second, and I thought this to be bad advice, because artichokes, especially soaked in butter as they usually are, seem very fatty, but I buttoned my lip, content to wait for my hair treatment, and to let these diseases follow their own destiny.

In what seemed like an afterthought, the woman with high blood pressure waved her hand and said she might want her hair dyed red sometime. Elba discouraged the idea. Now the woman was sure she wanted red hair. Elba, who, it seemed, was one of those women who just *have* to disagree, even when it goes against their own best interest, predicted a dire outcome should the woman go through with her plan to become a redhead. The woman, who, it seemed, was one of those women too, grew more vehement about her hair plans the more Elba disapproved. Now she was even thinking of having it done tomorrow, if not sooner. If the two women had been monsters in an old Japanese movie, they would have been the kind who end up saving Tokyo by wiping each other out through sheer orneriness.

After the woman left, the woman who had given the artichoke advice told us that the husband was having an affair! Imagine that, he needs a lung and liver transplant and he's having sneaky sex with somebody. It's true, I thought, you can't trust anyone anymore.

Two Hispanic boys walked by. "Look at their pants halfway down their business!" said the third woman. "That's disgusting." They all agreed it was disgusting. (I agreed silently) and Elba told the woman nearest the door to lock it. "They don't have no school," said Elba, "they don't have no job. They suppose to have something to do. It used to be nice to be latino, but now..." "Now they kill somebody."\* "Fourteen, 15 years old." "They don't have anything else to do," said Elba.

At first sighting of the boys, Elba had come at me with a comb in her hand. As if to demonstrate what should be done to boys who aren't in school or at work, she jabbed the comb into my scalp again and again, just about piercing it.

Elba's mother named her well. The House of Elba is much like the island of Elba--bleak, cruel, a place for punishment. Napoleon was sent to Elba for failing as an emperor; my punishment was for forsaking the hairdresser I love (Millie) for one who opened her door an hour earlier.

Millie and Elba are both stocky Hispanic hairdressers whose parlors stand side by side on 23rd street in San Francisco, both are in their 40s or 50s and wear

tons of makeup--and the two could not be more different from each other. Millie's figure is a masterpiece of rubber stays. Who knows what shape it will take when released from its many bindings? It is comforting to see Millie in such command of her physical form, and at the same time, the absolute mystery as to its natural shape send a tingle of curiosity down one's spine. Elba's flesh, on the other hand, struck me as being made of tofu, and I imagined it retaining its rectangular shape when ungirdled, like tofu does after the packaging had been removed. Besides her skin having the color and consistency of of tofu, her expression has the emotionless quality of tofu too. That is, if tofu were secretly mean. And then, at certain angles, Elba is the spitting image of General Noriega. Millie laughs; Elba doesn't. Millie's the kind of person you wish was your mother or your aunt. Elba's the kind of person who makes you thankful you got the mother and aunt you did, no matter how unfortunate you might have previously have considered yourself.

While I reflected thus, the discussion had moved onto Mexican nationalists who steal luggage, who, judging by the increased pain I felt under Elba's brittle comb, make her even madder than boys with their pants down around their bum. "The little fish always have to bite the tail of the big fish!" concluded Elba with disgust. "It's so easy to steal," the woman who could have been Asian, black or Hispanic said sadly, "because everyone trusts everyone."

"You have a big head," said Elba suddenly, loudly. "I'll have to get the *big* cap for you." She was talking to me. I looked around--everyone else had a normal-sized head. *My head's not that big*, I told myself. *I'm skinny, that's all--that makes it look bigger*. I considered my head in the mirror and thought: *Elba is a bad woman*.

That bad woman screwed the cap onto my head as if she were scrubbing a tub made deliberately grimy by inconsiderate bathers, and set to spearing my scalp with the latchhook rug tool (to pull my hair through the holes in the cap) so viciously I began to feel queasy. The ladies with normal-sized heads were talking about untrustworthy men and deformed babies, which was making me even queasier. One woman they all knew had a baby even though the doctors told her not to, and it was born with a cord coming out of his head. It had an operation and was all right, but the doctors said now you *really* better not have another baby. But the first baby was a girl, and the woman really wanted a boy. So she had another baby, and this one was a boy--and it was retarded! Well, the parents fought all the time about the retarded boy, and then they divorced.

Millie has my hair through the holes in 45 minutes. Elba had been going at me for an hour and was only done with one side. "You're making a face," she noted. "Do you usually cry when you have your hair done?" "No!" said I defiantly. "Ho!" chortled Elba. I wanted to rip my cap off and run out the door, fly away from cruel Elba. I wanted to throw the cap down on the floor and stomp on it, grind it beneath my heel, and say something nasty to Elba--I wasn't sure what.

\*I furtively wrote down those sentences right after they were said. That's why they're in vernacular and all other speech is sort of translated into my own grammar/phrasing--I have no knack for remembering exactly how people put things.

*"It occurred to me that you might be intigued by my youthful passion for playing the victim in Rescue Squad practice days. If you think beauty salons are exciting, imagine being wrapped up, splintered, eyes bandaged, on a stretcher, by several people at once." --Nell Zink*

Maybe tell her that no one wears rouge like that anymore. But I was brought up in New England--we just don't rip things off our head, we *take* them off, at the appropriate time, and hang them up, and most of us will live our entire life without stomping on or grinding 'neath our heel a single thing, ever...except maybe a lit cigarette dropped--most likely by someone other than ourself--on the sidewalk. Like the diseases that must go their own way, I cannot escape my fate: I am and must be a reserved white person.

Yes, there was Suckdog, where I would take my clothes off and beat people up and do dances. But that was teenage rebellion against my upbringing, and it passed. (Plus it was dark and everyone was drunk.) In normal interactions with people in daylight, I am *unable* to lose my temper and raise my voice, spit, or cut in front of someone in line. New England hold me in its rusty iron grip--the changing leaves in the fall, the old men in woolen shirts raking, the same old Greeks in sea captain caps sitting at the same table in Dunkin Donuts every morning for 20 years (that I know of--maybe it's been longer), old wooden houses with red paint peeling off: All these things told me plain as day, "Keep your cap on."

Just then, my stomach took charge where my intellect fears to tread: I leapt out of my chair and yelled, "Where's the bathroom!"

Elba pointed silently, and everyone looked with interest at me for the first time, probably wondering if I had an inflamed bowel I might tell them about with proper coaxing.

The instant I was alone in the bathroom, I felt better, and came back out. Elba tried to pretend I'd been crying. I said no, I just felt nauseous. Elba didn't believe me. I insisted, and that nasty old beast continued to say I'd been crying in there! "I'm pregnant," I told them, displaying my one and only trump card. I knew that'd get 'em. It did. Four heads bounced up. "You don't look fat," said Elba suspiciously, unable to

believe her good fortune: new tales of constipation, fatigue, and varicose veins at least, and maybe even something special--like a cyst found on the tiny kidneys via sonogram. "I'm fatter than I was three months ago," I replied, confident now. Elba's face still revealed as much excitement as a block of tofu, but her voice told a different story. She said the first not exactly mean thing I'd heard her say: "I hope you have a girl. Boys, they grow up and they go to their wife, and they tell her everything. Girls, they're their mama's baby forever. They always come home, no matter if they're old with 50 grandchildren." Elba even offered me a cup of water. But I wasn't falling for her ruse--I knew she was buttering me up so I'd give them details on my naseau, "pink toothbrush," etc. I wouldn't tell them anything!

I could feel everyone waiting. I owed them a pregnancy story. I started to sweat. Elba wasn't doing anything to my hair; nobody moved.

I was saved by the arrival of an old man. He came in, sat down, didn't speak to anyone, and no one spoke to him. No one cut his hair either. "He's 90 years old!" Elba yelled in my ear, as if to prove how completely deaf the old guy was. "His back is going out on him! He's traveling to El Salvador by car! I wouldn't go to El Salvador under the best circumstances, definitely not at 90 years old with a bad back!!" Why was he here? Eventually he just got up and left.

Our next visitor wasn't so lucky. He was the little boy--the innocent I spoke of earlier, brought in by his grandma. At first he was brave and silent under Elba's leaping shears. But I could see panic building in his rolling eyes. His mouth trembled and he began to whimper. I knew how he felt. Elba said not a word to comfort him, nor did she relax with her wild snipping one bit, as if she found it perfectly normal for someone to be whimpering under her care. The whimpers turned to sobs and then, when Elba turned on the electric razor, screams. The grandma's face remained impasive. The trio rose as if unaware of their actions, and drifted like ghouls to the boy's chair. Which was lucky for Elba, because the little boy had truly panicked now, and was using every ounce of his two-year-old's strength to try to hurtle himself out of that chair and away from Elba and her buzzing razor; it took the three women plus the grandma to hold the boy down while Elba took an unmercifully long time to shave just a tiny bit of hair.

I left that shop hating Elba. My hair looked nice, but my soul was black with fury.

Now, one month later, all alone, laying against my pillows, surrounded by pictures and paintings of things that I love (bears and leopards and baboons and Lawrence Welk and Olivia Newton-John...and no dying Jesus Christ), I'll admit it--I like Elba. She's wild! I thought I hated her while I was in her grasp--I simply misidentified the never before visited realm of pleasure her sturdy square hands were pulling and pushing me into.





by Diane Bellino

# Killer Bears and Me

by LCC

I never had a thing for horses, though I can see the thing to have--loss of the maidenhead to a large, muscular, foaming creature with big, soulful eyes...secret orgasm...the wind in your hair, a noble beast to take you there.... But I just liked humans. Even as a ten-year-old, my sexual fantasies involved only humans. EXCEPT...there was one summer--my twelfth, I think--when I fancied bears. I saw a pictorial in a dirty magazine of a girl on a picnic approached by a bear...and they made love! My favorite photo was when he takes a swipe at her breast with his fearsome paw. From those photos grew my own fantasy: I'm camping with some friends in a very isolated area when a big, furry brown bear comes sauntering up on his hind legs. My friends, in terror, climb trees or run. The bear catches a few and, with a mighty roar, swings them by the legs against a tree, breaking their bodies in two. Their spines are severed and their organs and muscles are torn so that their upper bodies are attached to the lower bodies only by strips of skin. Mr. Bear's thick, hard nails tear at the conquered flesh. My friends' screams cease abruptly, replaced by wet animal snorts as the shaggy muzzle is buried in their blood. I remain where I am, lying down naked (for I had been sleeping when the attack came), playing dead: I had heard in sixth grade that bears ignore what they believe to be dead meat. But as I'm having my period (I didn't actually get it till two and a half years after this fantasy), the bear does not ignore me. He licks between my legs. I'm terrified, but know I must stay perfectly still and not make a sound. And then the bear, excited, has his way with me. His kisses have the sickening sweet smell and taste of blood--mine and my comrades'. Oh, take me.

Postscript. Just over a decade later, I met my killer bear for real! It was my boyfriend, who drove away some of my friends because they didn't like him and the rest because he didn't like them, and then had rough sex with me! Further proof: inscribed on his bowling ball is the word "killer", plus he has a furry chest and belly. Total bear.

One hunter relates that a grizzly, which he had shot four times through the heart, continued to chase him over the rough terrain.



BRICKTOP TULLY

ASPIRE MC  
CAY

BY: DAME  
DARCY ©1994



Tullulah was the oldest daughter in a poor Catholic family that had been blessed with several of God's little soldiers. Her underfed body was smallish and stick-like but it fueled a temperament as fiery as her bright red hair.

Her father was very fond of the wet food and much preferred it to the cold glances and cabbage soup that was served at home. When he was not at the bar his favorite hobby was to beat his wife and kids for all the terrible things he was sure they'd done throughout the day that he hadn't witnessed.

Unfortunately, one night after visiting the bar, the mighty fist of vengeance struck a blow to his wife's head, which smashed against the wrought iron stove, causing Tullulah's mother to leave this mortal plane forever.

Tullulah was forced to fill her mother's shoes, which she did as soon as they had buried her, barefooted and in a plain deal coffin. She was twelve years old and with her mothers shoes fitting perfectly to her feet, Tullulah walked back over the gravel and the train tracks away from the cemetery with one infant brother on her hip and another in her hand.

Tullulah took over all her mother's roles, including the one where her father would come home with the devil in him and force her to have sex with him. Fortunately she was too young to have begun her curse--so, unlike her mother, was not forced to have his children also.

After half a year of this, she decided she was tired of having her charms robbed from her for free, and to a man she hadn't chosen. She packed all her belongings, which fit into an empty shoe shine box, and kissing each of her sleeping infant brothers softly on the cheek, left her old life of abuse and torment to begin a new one on the street.

She worked as a prostitute for two years. It was during this time that she lost her last name, her father's name, and people called her Brick Top Tully due to her red hair and stubborn nature.

Sometimes she would be beaten and raped until she started carrying a gun. She stole it one night from a thin man in a worn brown suit. He kept it strapped against his leg under his sock and she knew this because she felt it with her leg as he was slipping her the pole. She later put some knock out drops into his drink and tied him to the bed, then stole a cable car across town to be as far away as possible when he woke up.

In the eye of the gun all things are equal was her new way of thinking. Her gun insured real politeness and had been the best friend she'd ever had. Until she met Casper McCay.

She met him one night at the saloon. He was a tall, rakish, black Irish, and with the taste for liquor too, but he'd never strike a woman, no--not him. His eyes were ice blue and sharp. They could stare holes in a person. No one could ever tell what he was thinking, even if he said what was on his mind.

Even though Tully's heart had been hardened to the wicked ways of men, the instant her eyes met with Casper's, Cupids skewer did its magic trick, piercing both their hearts simultaneously, and the blood ran in rivers.

The minute they'd laid eyes on each other, they'd come up with all kinds of crazy notions, which they set about executing immediately. The first was to get married, The second was to go robbing suckers on the highway.

Tully would stand by the high way with Caspie in tow, their old clothes under her dress to make it look like she was pregnant, and pitifully try to hitch a ride. Once someone would stop they'd get in the car, pull a gun on him, rob him, and make the unfortunate soul drop them off in the nearest city.

One morning after buying Caspie a nice suit, a pair of two-tone wing tips, and a gold watch fob and chain, they decided their career ventures weren't making them enough money, so they robbed a bank.

Tully went in with a black wig and an alligator bag and told the clerk to fill it up and to not start squealing or she'd shoot off the gun in her pocket aimed at his sorry throat and make him even sorrier.

She calmly walked out of the bank and around the corner, stuffing her long black wrap and wig into the bag with the loot, handed it to Caspie, then took off in the opposite direction to later meet up at the hotel across town.

They laid low for a couple days only going out for coffee and the paper which they laughed themselves into stitches when they saw that the headline featured a reward for the "Vanishing Ebony Robber Vixen" on account of Tully's black wig and wrap get up.

Caspie and Tully were tired of always taking it on the lamb so the next time three sucker stopped they robbed them and took their car. It was an old car because they figured they'd stand out too much in a flashy new one.

They'd probably only gone about a mile when the tire blew out so they left it by the road and headed towards the nearest train tracks to hop a train. As Brick Top Tully climbed aboard the quickly moving train a hand reached down from the car and helped her inside. When Caspie joined her in the car he was met by the sight of Tully being held by the suckers they had stolen the car from earlier. It looked like they weren't the only ones who had gotten the train idea from that no account bad luck car.

They had Tully in a tight grip, holding her gun captive, and were brutally kissing her neck and groping her. This made Caspie furious and when he started shouting a stream of obscenities at them they immediately took to pummeling him.

They tied his hands to the slats on the side of the car with wire and all three of them beat on him like a whirling dervish. They were so single-mindedly involved with their new sport they didn't notice that Brick Top had sneaked back her gun and now held it cocked an inch from the biggest sucker's back. She then proclaimed in a loud voice that she was going to shoot him through his worthless lily liver.

This announcement made them leave at their game and abruptly turn on their heels, gaping at her with their mouths open and their eyes bulging like cod fish, so tempting to the young damsel to shoot and burst like the pimento olive, the last savory remnant of a downed martini, being punctured by her sharp, white, canine teeth.

She almost gave them the olive treatment, but controlled her urges and told them to jump from the train. They stared at the train tracks moving underneath at a fast clip, the dark brown of the track and the light brown dirt almost blending into the same color, and pleaded with her not to make them do it. She merely reprimanded them, telling them that bad boys have to be



punished and that their amount of choices at this time were narrowed to two: jump or die. So they jumped.

The last one was being a hindrance, whimpering and saying he was sorry for hitting the guy, so sorry. So she clocked him in the jaw with the gun and kicked his sorry carcass off the train where it rolled into a ditch, and they never saw those suckers again.

Tully then took out her flashy new pocket knife with the mother of pearl handle and cut the wire that bound Caspie's wrists. His bloody hands immediately went into the tangled mass of her hair, mingling there and not leaving a trace of a stain seeing as the blood was the color of the hair already. He passionately wrought her mouth towards his, her own mouth filling with his blood which she drank greedily. They then took inventory, coming to the conclusion that there were no broken bones.

It was the most frustrating thing. They had more money than Tully had ever seen in her life but they couldn't spend it or else the law would track them down--the bank money being marked and accounted for as it was, they could only spend their high jack money.

The papers said they were getting infamous very quickly and they had to give up the high way racket until the publicity cooled down, meanwhile trying to make it to Mexico. Tully had even stolen a translation book and during their long hours hiding in hotels and walking along back roads Caspie would read to her from it.

The papers kept flying out. Everyone was on the lookout for them. They knew they had different disguises and no other couple seemed to be in their particular line of work at the time to distract the public. Tully prayed that a natural disaster would happen somewhere and take them off the front cover, but no such luck.

They were getting poorer and poorer. They walked along back roads, poverty stricken, but carrying a bag full of thousands upon thousands of hot money, sleeping in abandoned hovels. But they were so close to Mexico, Caspie, let's sleep in a real place tonight, oh please. So they stayed at a cheap boarding house in Alabama, unfortunately kept by a lady who couldn't keep her fat nose out of other people's business. She thought she recognized them from the papers and called the cops.

They came in droves, surrounding the boarding house. Bricktop Tully and Caspie were going at it like wild horses when they heard the police chief demanding through his megaphone that they come out with their hands on their heads. The shoot-out that ensued left one police man injured and another dead.

Brick Top Tully and Caspie were not hurt however, and were convicted of seemingly millions of crimes including the murder of the policeman, and were sentenced to death by hanging.

During the trial Brick Top wore a wide brimmed hat covered by several indigo veils through which no one could see and kept making noises that were similar to a jackal and were indecipherable as to whether they were laughter or crying.

After she and her husband had unanimously been found guilty, the guards started hauling her and Casper in different directions. She screamed and clung to Casper, proclaiming that to never see him again would hurt her worse than cutting off her right arm. That she'd rather die tomorrow than live another torturous day without him. The guards paid no heed to this, although the press made much of it, and she was thrown in prison to await her death sentence at the end of the week.

During the course of the week, however, she announced that she was pregnant. Her death sentence would have to be postponed nine months from now.

Casper, however, could not use this excuse and was doomed to be hung at the end of the week. He was led to the gallows, his hands tied behind his back, his eyes never leaving his dust covered boot tips until he had reached the scaffold. The executioner slipped the rope around his neck and asked him if he had any last words.

He announced how sad he was at the fact he'd never see Tully again because he was sure to never meet her in heaven where she'd be going and that she was already an angel too good for this cursed, wicked world. That this was the reason why it had rejected her so much, and even after his heart lay still and cold in the earth his love for her would go on forever, unwavering through the ages.

The day after Casper McCay's death, Tully heard his speech through the grapevine and immediately tried to claw out her own throat. She was thrown into isolation for a week to cool off, and when she returned to her regulation cell, had to be force-fed.

This went on for about a month when Tully finally started to come back around again. She started a friendly repartee with the female prison guard watching her block. Tully slowly seduced the prison guard and would get special treats for being a good pet and for not making too much noise when the guard did any thing she felt like to her.

Tully had been locked up for three months now, and knew they'd start getting suspicious when in her fourth month of pregnancy still wasn't showing. She had to act quick.

That night she made an imprint of the guard's key in a soap block and made another key in the shop to duplicate the imprint, praying the whole time. When she tried the key it fit.

Brick Top Tully quietly sneaked out of her cell and escaped past all the penitentiary obstacles to freedom. She disappeared into the dark and was never seen again.

- by Darcy

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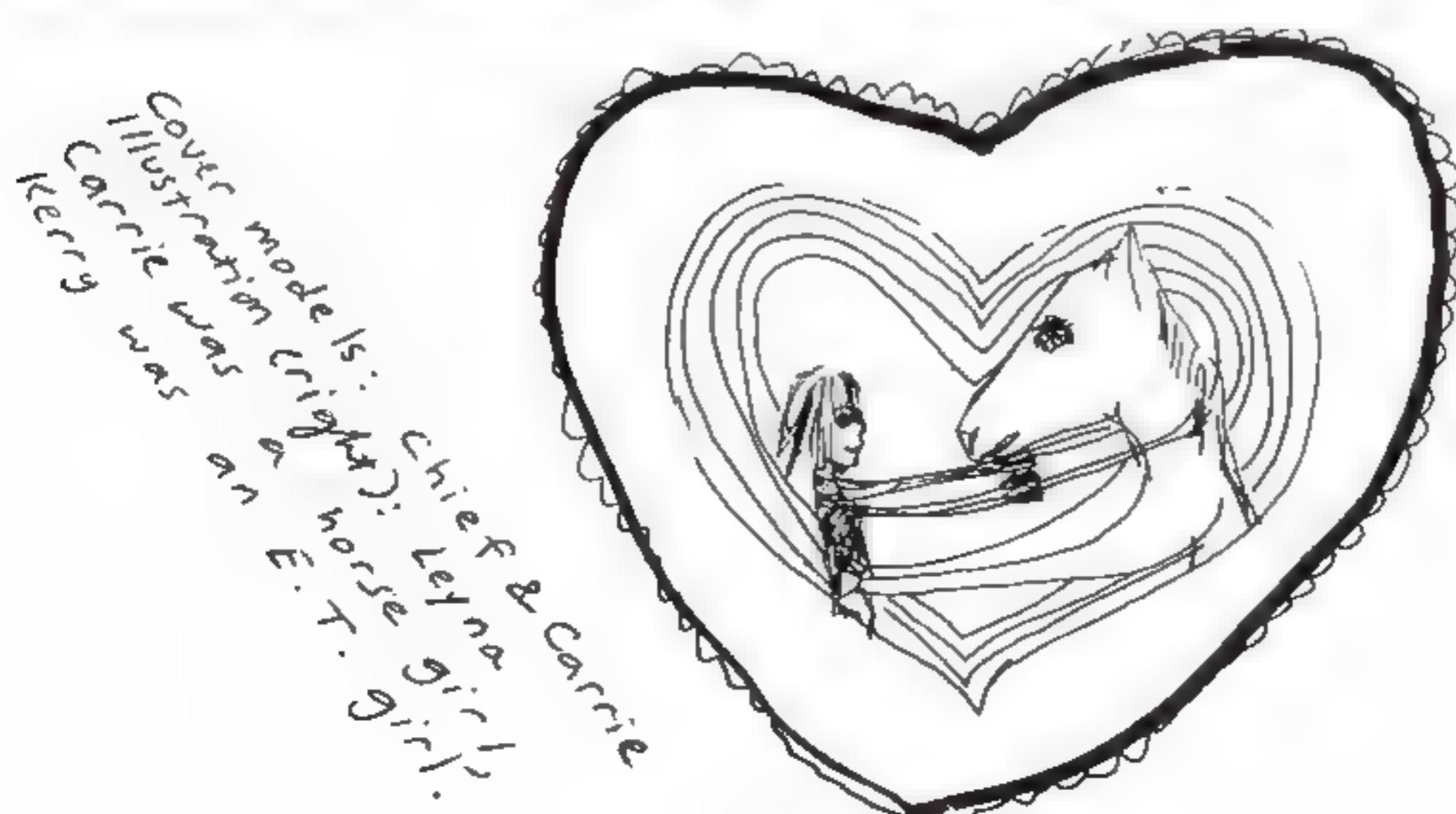


Guest editors Kerry McLaughlin and Carrie Lindsay were chosen from approximately 200 entries because their letter of proposed articles made me laugh and because they're geniuses. Kerry is now thinking of starting her own magazine; Carrie is writing a Harlequin Romance. In all my dealings with the Eugene, Oregon roommates, they were good-tempered and prompt. Very Generation L.

I asked them to write brief bios:

Kerry McLaughlin was born 8 March 1973 in Fullerton, CA. She attended the same high school as Jeri Blair's stand-up comic cousin with cerebral palsy from "The Facts of Life," but not at the same time. For her first two years of college, she had the tune "Baby Elephant Walk" by Henri Mancini stuck in her head.

Carrie Lindsay was born in Corvallis, Oregon on 6 November 1970, daughter of the most beautiful woman in the world (she was even a model for Meier & Frank!) and the most interesting man (who drove the only '32 Ford hi-boy roadster on campus!). In elementary school Carrie had the opportunity to be on local television when her dog Shannon, who Carrie dressed as a fairy with little sequin wings, won the costume event at the annual dog show. In middle school, she almost won a number of different spelling bees.





# Horse Fantasies

by Carrie

My friend Rupert says you can only whinney like a horse a certain number of times in your life and after that it's not okay. That's just not true! The more you express yourself the better, so don't you be embarrassed. Horse girls are unconditional.

In early elementary school it's easy to find girls to play horses with you. Later on, it's hard. Everybody wants to sit at the popular table where the girls read Judy Blume. Judy Blume writes about the problems and the questions of adolescent life: about acne, menstruation, our growing bodies. She writes about problems that concern the popular girls. When they read Judy Blume during reading hour, they all wait until everybody's at the end of the page, then they all turn it at the same time. During recess, they play volleyball.

Nobody is inviting the horse girls to sit at the popular table. We are: the big girl, the preacher's daughter, the girl who salivates too much, the girl who cries if her mom makes her wash her hair. We have nothing to lose. We make our own rules. During reading hour we read Walter Farley and Marguerite Henry. They write about the bond between kids and horses--about how only kids can tame these wild mysterious animals. We read at our own rate, and if we want to read the same book ten or eleven times, why, we just do it. During recess, we play "Wild Mustang"!

The following version is called "The Stallions are Fighting!" Here is how you play:

Two girls are stallions and the rest are mares. Remember, it's not black-top and sawdust beneath your feet, it's the emerald grass of a beautiful valley never seen by human eyes! One stallion (Trisha) starts the game by going behind the bluff (the gym) while the rest of us graze. After a few minutes meant to allow us to get into character, Trisha appears from over the bluff and sees us from her lookout point. She tosses her head and paws at the ground. Trisha cannot resist the smell of mares in heat. Especially mares as beautiful as these! The other stallion (Patty) senses danger to his (her) herd. She circles around us making aggressive gestures with her head to indicate a spot further down that is more safe. We mares gallop over to the teeter-totters as a herd, grateful for the assistance of our smart stallion. There is a pause of drama. Patty and Trisha face each other from across the playground, snorting and pawing the turf with their Nikes. Patty is a lithe pure white thoroughbred named "Diamond". Trisha is a draft horse named "Hobgoblin": the "bad" stallion. They charge at each other, skirting the volleyball nets, and meet with ears flattened and teeth bared. The playground is alive with the sounds of horsey screams and the woosh of deadly hooves against puffy nylon jackets. This time fate chooses the lesser stallion. Wounded, Patty retreats behind the sandbox, gasping and dragging one leg. We mares are concerned and unhappy but there is nothing we can do. We are powerless under the control of the bad stallion. She is so huge and intimidating. Trisha surveys her new herd with all the pride and satisfaction of a sultan regarding his harem. Next recess, they will fight again.

That's only one variety of the game. There are many others, for example: "Humans Take Over the Valley and Capture the Mustangs... How Will We Escape?" or "The Valley is Running Out of Grass... Let's Look for a New Valley!" It's up to you. This is your fantasy.

Every horse girl has her own favorite kind of horse. I prefer Arabians. Ancient paintings of Arabian horses show them with their eyes rolled back in their heads and their nostrils flared so wide they're bleeding! They look so crazed and upset in those paintings that it's a good thing they were calmer in real life or they wouldn't have been sensible transportation. In modern times, Arabians have grown so popular so fast that they have been interbred with very poor organization. Today,

CARRIE: Do you have any particular type of horse that appeals to you?

RUPERT: That appeals to me? The dark brown ones. Not the black ones, but the dark brown ones--kind of a plain looking horse really, usually has the white stripe on its face. It kind of reminds me of my dad's 50-something Chevy truck, you know, the ones that had the big bubble fenders? And it had that sparkly dark brown paint. With glittery stuff in it. What is this? *Hoofbeats and Society*?

CARRIE: It talks about how you start out in the womb with this constant rhythmic sound and how supposedly we spend the rest of our lives seeking it out. That's how they explain the horse obsession. It's the percussion of pounding hooves.

RUPERT: I remember the horse girl that I knew comparing her horses to her other friends' horses. We were in her room, okay, and I'm not kidding, this is not exaggerated, there were shelves covering *all the walls* and they had horses on them--all shiny and glossy and some made of wood.

CARRIE: I never could afford that many. See, look at me. I'm mad about it, I'm mad about this rich little horse girl and I'm getting all competitive. Horse girls are competitive. We fight about horse facts all the time. We used to fight about the pronunciations of things.

Brooke: This is something I've always wondered: If horse dicks are that big, how big are horse vaginas?

CARRIE: I think they're very big! Did you ever read the part in *All Creatures Great and Small* where the vet helps this horse--it's either a horse or a cow--who'd already birthed her foal but she was still pushing. She pushed her uterus right out! This huge uterus right out in the hay!

Are horse girls and unicorn girls the same people?

RUPERT: No. (silence) I know that unicorns have that big horn and everything, but to me they seem more feminine. It's because they're white, and they're pure. And they're mythical. The unicorn girls always had those stickers on their binders, with rainbows, of unicorns with wings. To me, that's like an overdressed horse. It's like those people who put sweaters on their chihuahua.

CARRIE: I sure didn't think like that back then. I used to play that I had two winged unicorns, one named "Treasure" and the other "Fantasy". I used to run around the yard and flap my wings. I guess back then all I had was my room and my swing set so I wasn't exactly interested in the concept of simplicity. I thought in terms of bounty! I didn't want just a horse, I wanted two. And not just plain horses--I wanted them with a

they're crazy for real.

If you watch an Arabian horse panic, it will look so good that you'll wonder if it's faking it. When this type of horse panics, every curve in its body becomes curvier. Every arched surface arches more, and everything that can flare flares. It's the most spectacular creature you will ever see running away from a balloon or trying to escape from a fluttering piece of paper. In appearance, Arabians are very feminine--they look like woman models. In fact, all my favorite models look just like Arabians...curvy and feminine, luxuriously self-aware, and just a little bit spooky!

For you...an Arabian horse fantasy:

You are an Arabian mare in a misty, dark field with the full yellow moon behind you. You are hardly visible under the trees but stunning with your arched narrow neck, your frantic bright black eyes and your long rippled mane obscuring your dished face. Your ears perk! There is an observer. He is a man. He is mysterious to his own kind, pursued by many but at the same time feared. He scorns society by hiding in the woods with nature and wearing a pirate shirt. For many years he has sought out the legendary pitch black mare of the forest because his instinct tells him that he and he alone can understand her. There she is! His breath stops when he beholds her for the very first time; he takes a few cautious steps forward. Damnation! The filly has fled! The theme song of this fantasy is "Witchy Woman" by the Eagles.

There is a model horse club magazine that talks about people who melt down their Breyer horses to change the position of the legs or something, or they put in real hair for the manes and tails and repaint them...custom model horses. The really interesting part is in the back they have a model horse PERSONALS. Example:

Black Arabian mare seeks Arabian mate. Will pay 25 cents for stud service. Please send papers. Must be pure white.

I don't know whether these horse statues actually *meet* or what. I picture this whole ritual with these girls' moms driving their daughters across the state to meet each other at a library or a McDonald's, and the moms have coffee while the horse girls go off to some quiet corner to introduce their horses. If I know horse girls, and I think I do, the mare and stallion were probably deeply in love at first sight, but hesitant about the mating process. The girl with the mare would probably have brought some string in order to "hobble" the mare to facilitate the breeding.

## UNICORN LOVE

by Carrie

Don't make a unicorn angry! In South African legend, the horn of this creature hangs limp against its face but becomes "stiff and hard under the excitement of rage." It goes without saying that such a horn has been sought after for thousands of years by men the world over. But don't worry: no one could ever saw off that horn for human use--that is, not without the help of the single creature capable of catching the unicorn off guard: the chaste maiden.

Avaricious knights-in-armor and primitive barbarians alike have set up maidens in the woods as lures for unwary unicorns...supposedly with some success. One thing is for sure, they never used a horse girl. Even if she was the last virgin in the village (and she probably was), the horse girl would rather die than expose the unicorn to danger. Ironically, I'm sure she was rarely asked. Virgins or not, horse girls don't beguile the eye like some of the other girls. All through my early school years, for example, not a single person asked me to sit in the woods to try and trap *anything*. Just because I wasn't chosen as a candidate doesn't mean I wouldn't have been a good one. Who decided unicorns don't like a maiden wearing braces and a

horn and wings. Do you know any horse girls now?

RUPERT: Julianne's a dog girl. She's got a weird thing going on with her dog. It's way beyond anything I really want to analyze.

CARRIE: Really?

RUPERT: She just likes him too much. He's a rotweiller, and he's really big and really muscular. She doesn't even call him by his name anymore, only "La La".



DONNA: I was way into the horse books from the bookmobile (in Iowa). They had these real cool covers--*The Black Stallion*, *The White Stallion*. Books about girls and stallions. It just seemed romantic. I loved my dad as a little girl and he had a horse named Lucky and bred Lucky to have Babe, and Babe was ours [the children's]. We'd go on adventures.

KERRY: Horse girls seem to have similar histories. They did the same things: read the same books, saw the same movies and had the same morals (sex is bad, family is good) and were Daddy's girls. How about unicorns?

DONNA: Nope. They weren't real. I was very practical.

KERRY: Did you have the horse section of the library staked out?

DONNA: Oh, hell yes!

KERRY: Carrie said this new girl moved into town and she heard the new girl ask the librarian, "Where is the horse section?" and Carrie got all mad because that was *her* section!

DONNA: The lady at the bookmobile knew me. She'd set the horse books aside for me.

KERRY: What kind of games would you play at recess?

DONNA: We'd play the horse game. One of the boys was the stallion.

KERRY: Really? He'd chase you around?

DONNA: Yeah, we were the mares, he'd try to round us up. We'd have a pretend corral on the playground. He would round us up. Some people would play the foal.

KERRY: Would the people playing mares give birth to the people playing foals?

DONNA: No.

KERRY: Were the popular girls at school ever really into horses?

DONNA: No. We always said it was because they were scared. Scared to get on a horse. When they'd come to your house to spend the night, they were the ones that would never ride the horse. It was the first thing you'd ask them, see if they'd do it.

KERRY: It was a test?

DONNA: Always!

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headgear? With a unicorn, your virginity makes you desirable, even if you have buck teeth and can't have your pick of tables in the cafeteria. He will love you anyway. The unicorn has a great respect for girls with a good reputation.

A good reputation is one thing most horse girls have. The maintenance of virginity is an important ritual of day-to-day life, as serious as prayers. Most remain steadfast for years, avoiding boys' houses and school dances and other cootie zones as if sex were sneaking up on them. Sometimes it is. This is horse girl Sara's account: "I never did it till I was 22, and then I was drunk and there it went. After it all I thought 'Shoot! I forgot! Twenty-two years of investment down the toilet.' I used to go out in the woods and, you know, wait there. With sugar cubes. Wave them around to spread the scent."

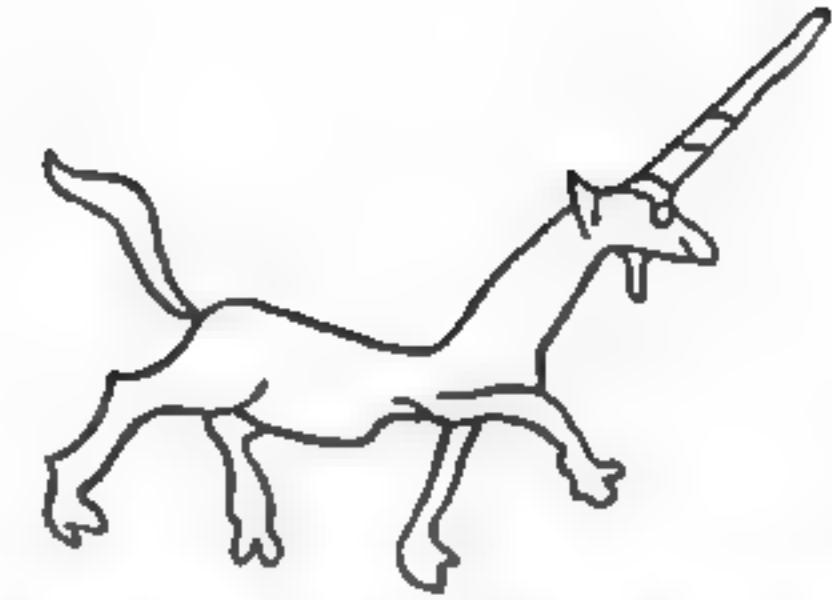
Although horse girls are almost always strictly black and white on the subject of sex (ex: if you "do it" before you get married you're in big trouble!), sometimes the issue can be confused by extenuating circumstances. One time in my fifth grade class, for example, all the girls had to go to the gym and watch a movie about puberty and the female body. The narrator confided, as if to us horse girls only, that sometimes a girl can lose her hymen through horseback riding, especially if it's *vigorous* horseback riding. That weekend, on the trail, my friend Nancy yelled out in mid-gallop and slowed Brownie to a halt. We were very solemn. Over a saddlebag lunch we asked her what it felt like to have lost her virginity and she explored her feelings: "You know, it's like I'm older all of a sudden." We asked her how much it hurt and she said "It feels like there's a hot iron on my privates. I can hardly concentrate on what you're saying!" She only felt better when she put a cold orange wedge in her underwear to soothe the pain. Even though we all could tell she was lying, Nancy's fake dilemma brought up a question we never resolved: If you lose your virginity to a horse instead of a boy does that mean a unicorn will still be interested in you?

None of us thought that a person could get pregnant from this type of accident, but of course this was only horse contact. Unicorns are much more dangerous. If you don't want to get in the family way, don't even go in the woods, and if you see a unicorn, run away! In Chinese tradition, Confucious was conceived when his mother, a woman of "exceptional virtue and piety," accidentally stepped in the tracks of a unicorn. Unicorns are *very* fertile.

In my Sunday school class in the sixth grade I introduced the possibility that God impregnated Mary through the medium of a unicorn. According to Mrs. Tow I was wrong.

Why can't I be the bride of a unicorn? If I bore a unicorn's child it would be the most tolerable type of pregnancy because it would be so clouded with intrigue. Pregnancy can make you look like you've been caught in the act. People like to think they know what you've been up to. But in this particular horse girl's case they're in for a big surprise! I've imagined it a hundred times: At first people would just notice a certain glow about me that hadn't been there before. Then, after a few months it would become obvious that I was expecting. "Who is the father?" my mom would ask, and I would be very mysterious; I'd say: "I'm not telling!" The doctors would be baffled. They'd talk to my mom: "Ma'am--we don't understand it. Your daughter is pregnant, but --her hymen is perfectly intact!!" Pretty soon the national news would hear about it and right away there would be pilgrimages of people coming to see me from all over the Catholic world. I would wear all white and suddenly start refraining from speaking to anyone ever. I would have problems with people going through my garbage for religious artifacts. Then my labor would begin. Obviously, it would be long and painful. When it finally drew to a close the doctors would be stunned to discover that the baby they'd been expecting was a beautiful white colt. I'd cradle my newborn child while my family gathered around me in wonder. "How did you do that?" they would say. "Carrie, you are so amazing."

There are many theories about how unicorns breed. The



CARRIE: Tell me about when you went to the psychologist that one time.

MOM: I am an anonymous person.

CARRIE: Tell about your dream.

MOM: Well, I told him about a dream I once had, where I was riding a powerful, muscular, big huge stallion, and we rode under a tree and I jumped up and grabbed hold of a limb and swung there for a while. The psychologist asked me where did the horse go and I said I was holding him up too. I don't know, it was nothing. He just thought it was something. He was the one with the facial twitch.



SUZANNE: At recess Andrea Bell would bring her model horses to school and she would sell them--I mean rent them out to people--NOT sell them, god forbid. Rent them out to people at recess for, I think, a nickel. Chris (a schoolmate) and his friends would take them and huck them over the fence at school and Andrea would get busted because she'd have to hop the fence and go get them. Mike (another culprit) said when they would pitch the horses over the fence, she would chase them around and try to claw them and whinney!

KERRY: No.

SUZANNE: I don't know how reliable that last part is but, um... Mike said she would rent them out during class too and you could set one on your desk. She had these two friends, Megan--which is another massive horse girl name, Megan or Mee-gan, whatever: that freckled Megan look--and there was also this girl Laura. Megan was into raising guinea pigs too. She'd try and bring those around, but they never went over as big as the horses.

KERRY: You can't ride 'em.

SUZANNE: I don't know if there were guinea pig girls... The horse thing continued on to high school--I mean, [Andrea Bell] never brought the model horses to high school or anything, but people on track would say, "we should dangle a carrot in front of Andrea's nose and maybe she'd run faster!" because she would stamp and snort much like a horse before the races.



"scholar" who seems to go into the most detail is Mr. Robert Vavra in his long and detailed photographic travesty, *Unicorns I Have Known*. Horse girls sneer at Mr. Robert Vavra, who claims to have had pretty much exclusive photographic access to unicorns from 1968 to 1983. In other words, even though it's really really hard for a horse girl to ever see a unicorn, supposedly the unicorns just let Mr. Robert Vavra take pictures of them at any time. There's no faster way to make a horse girl mad than to tell her a unicorn chose someone over her, especially if it wasn't even a girl. Even though the horse girl is dying to believe that Vavra's book is definitive proof that unicorns do exist, she

CONTINUED →

CARRIE: When did you meet Kasey?

KEVIN: About three or four years ago. She was 16. When I first met her and I went into her room, oh my God, all of her walls were completely caked with posters, pictures, mannequins, horse statuettes *everywhere*. It was her life. Horse Girl was her code name. She would go and buy books on horses--scientific books... She knew everything about horses, so well that when she wanted to learn to ride--it's not just something that you jump into--she just picked it up right away. She had a knack for it. She got a horse and kept it at the stable and that's really expensive. She started competing--she would go to horse shows down in Santa Barbara.

CARRIE: Did she keep horse statues in her room the whole time you were going out with her?

KEVIN: Well, when I first met her she was like that, but eventually--like within a year--she just took everything down and left it blank.

CARRIE: She did? She didn't replace it with anything?

KEVIN: No, not really. Although I think she, uh, she wanted to do like one of those texture paintings on the wall with sponge and leaves... She liked the woods. She had all this open space and woods in her backyard that she would go into all the time. And she would have dreams about the forest and nymphs and things. You know, they're really dangerous.

CARRIE: What?

KEVIN: Horses. They're huge and strong-- if you don't know what you're doing you could get killed.

CARRIE: I know. I got run over by a horse one time. I have a scar on my leg. Would you say that horses caused any problems in your relationship with Kasey?

KEVIN: Problems? I mean, I can see how people would think they're problems because she's always down at the barn and, I mean, if you want to see her, if you want to be with her, then you're at the barn. And I dealt with it--I jumped in there and I got the oil and started cleaning the saddles, shoveling the hay... Eventually it became fun.

CARRIE: Did all the boyfriends at the stable help out like you did?

KEVIN: Well, no, I think most of them just waited out in the car, like for *hours*.

CARRIE: What would be the horse girl's ideal date?

KEVIN: Well, they're always trying to find rich guys. Rich boyfriends who love horses. Keeping horses is expensive! →



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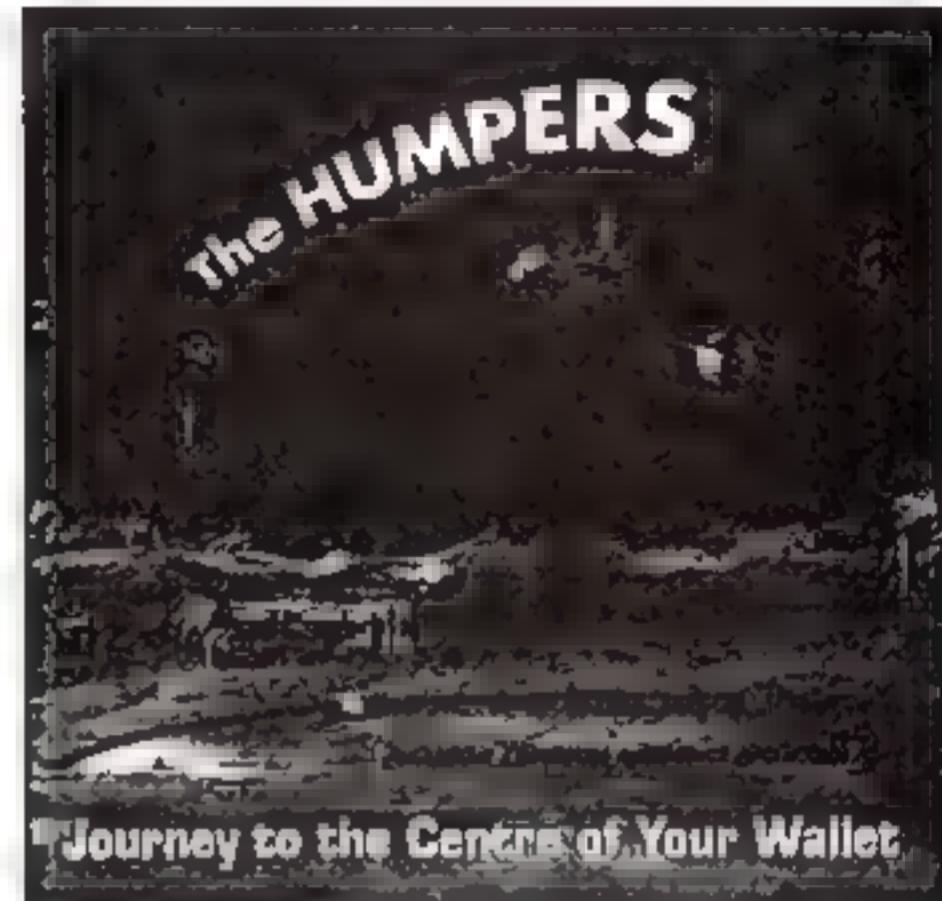
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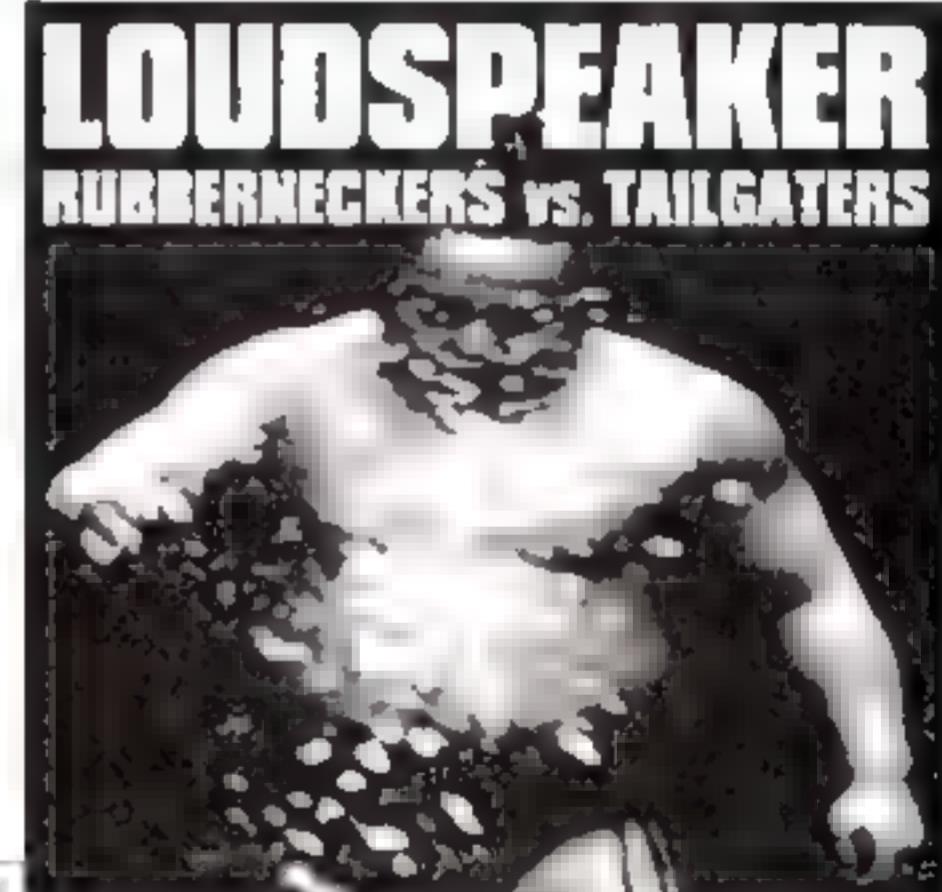
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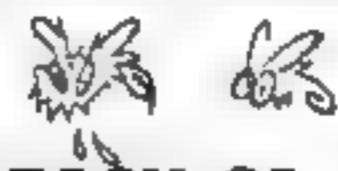
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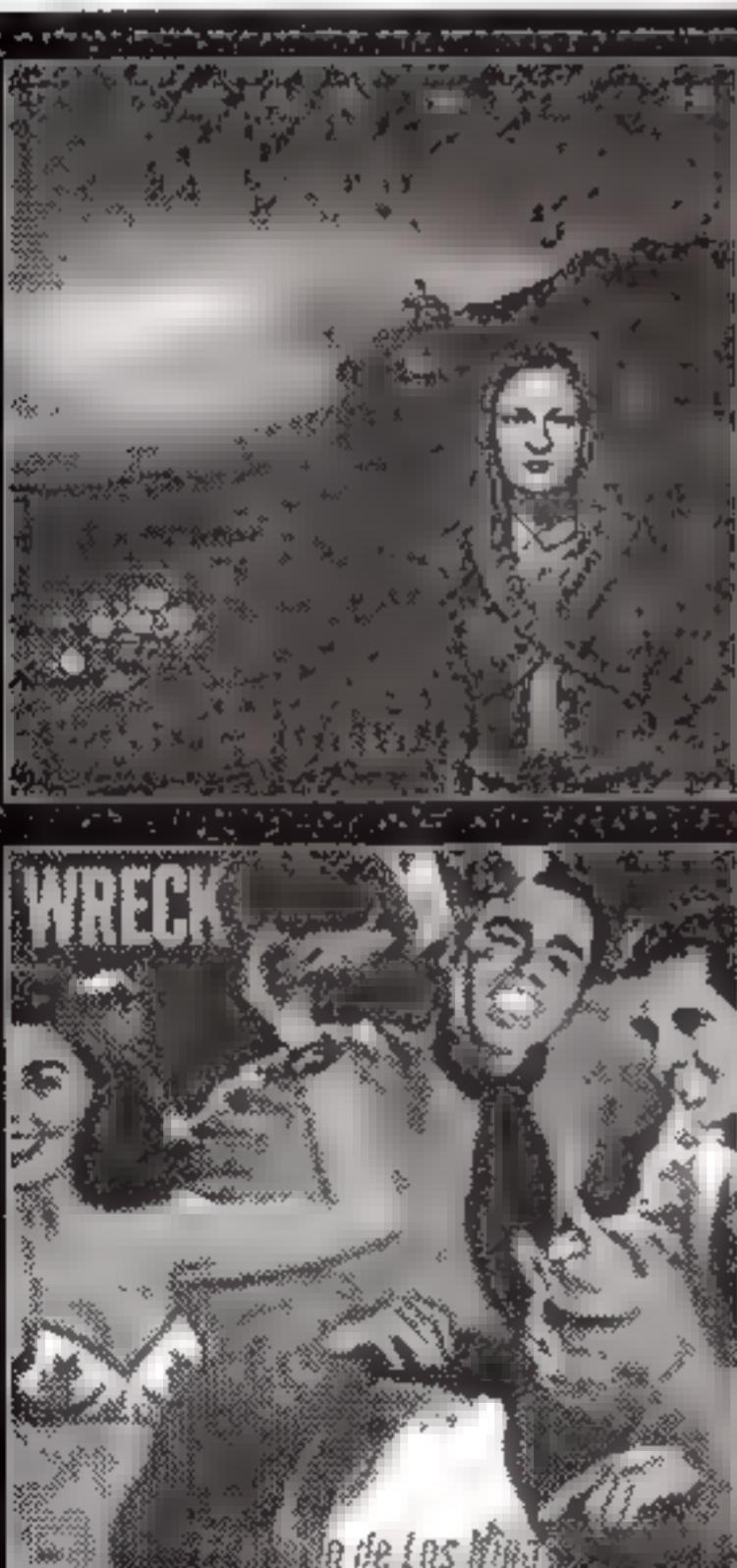
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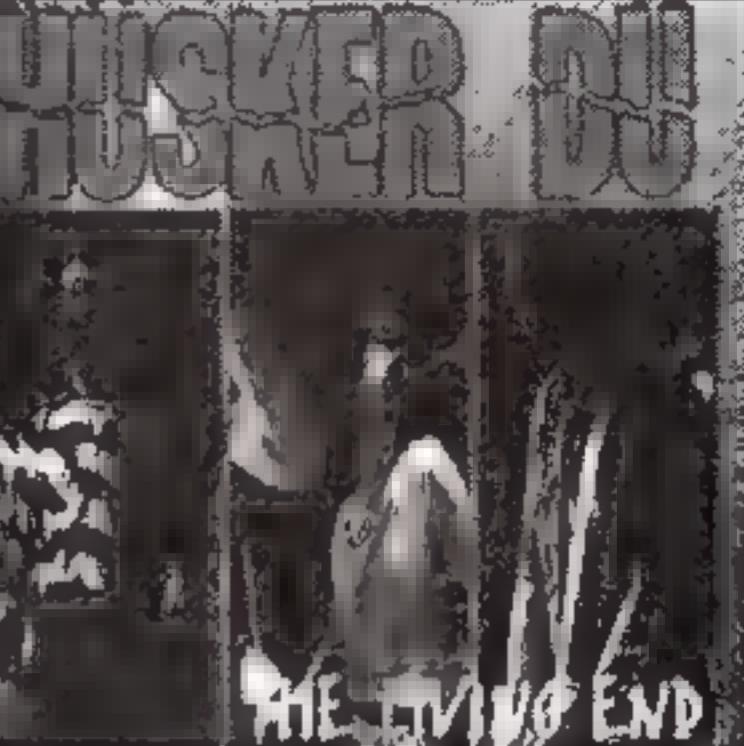
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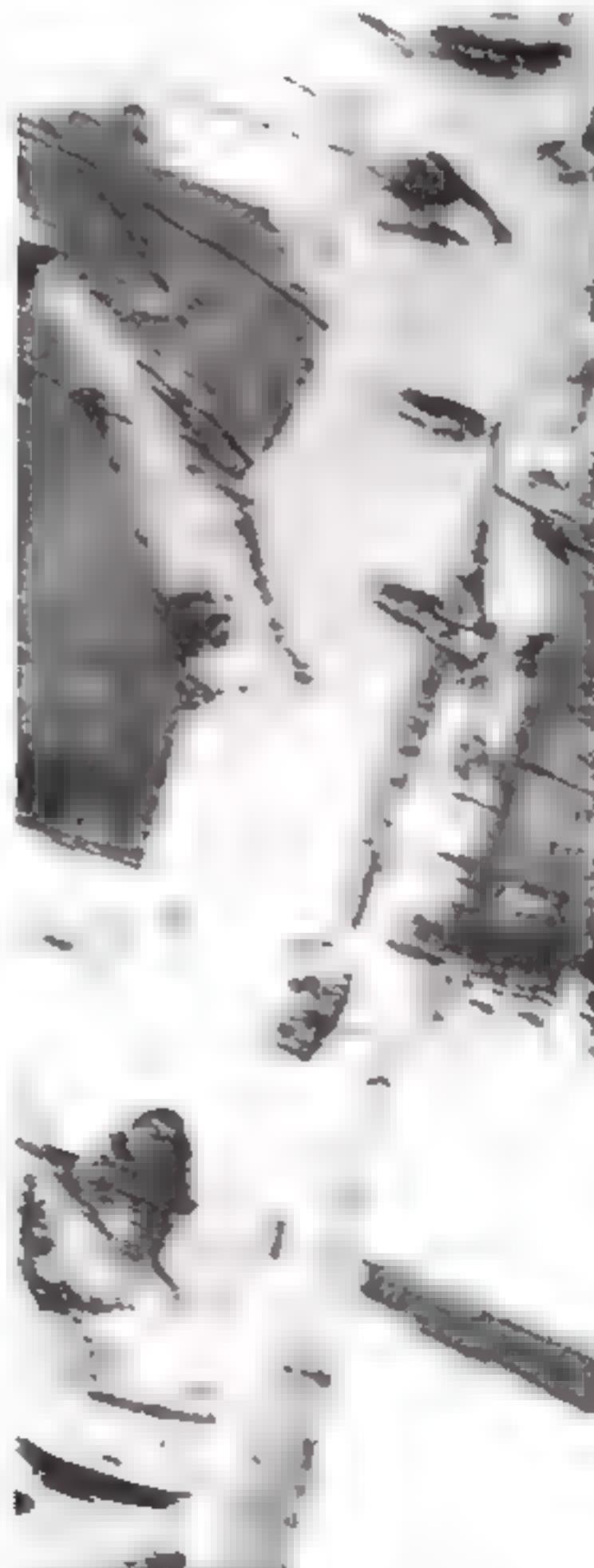
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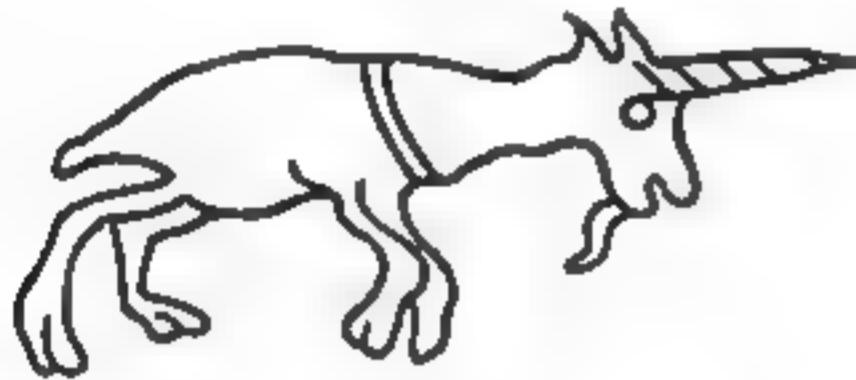
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CARRIE: Why do you suppose Kasey took down her horse posters?

KEVIN: Maybe it was horses versus boys. I remember after the horse pictures came down her grandparents brought her a gift all wrapped up and she opened it and it was a really glossy picture of this unicorn all airbrushed and everything. She was polite but she, well-- she didn't really want it.

Carrie: It's sad.

Kevin: Kasey also loves big dogs. She loves Irish Wolfhounds. She just recently got a Great Dane. The thing's only seven months old and it's already bigger than its mother. It's huge. And I think that she thinks that it has the same temperament as Onyx. That was her horse.



RYDER: [My mom runs the Hampton Classic horse shows. She told me three humiliating port-o-john stories.] The first one involves this girl who was schooling her horse in a practice ring. They had these port-o-johns which are these really horrible bad smelling bathrooms they always use at horse shows. Anyhow, she had a bad case of diarrhea and there was a port-o-john in the corner of this schooling ring. So, she figured--she was desperate--that she'd go in and use it while she was holding on to her horse. She didn't bother to tie her horse up or anything. She jumped off her horse and was holding on to the reins and just figured it'd just be a few minutes so she'd hold on to the horse while she closed the door. So, she was in there having diarrhea when something spooked the horse and he bolted off! The rein was wrapped around her wrist, so she got pulled out the door--with her pants down around her ankles--and got pulled out in to the ring!

KERRY: Oh god! Was there anyone around?

RYDER: All the other people schooling their horses. Another story also involves port-o-johns but it doesn't have anything to do with horses other than it took place at a horse show.

KERRY: That's OK--it involves horse people.

RYDER: There was a row of port-o-johns on a hill. For some reason the doors didn't have locks on them so you'd go while you held the door shut. There was a woman using one and some guy came by and for some reason he didn't think anyone was in the one she was using. So he decided to yank the door open that she was holding on to and somehow he jerked her out while she was going to the bathroom and, uh, it was on a hill and she landed on the ground and started rolling all the way down the hill also with her pants around her ankles! All the

can't. That would be admitting that everything she ever learned about unicorns is a big lie and in real life a unicorn couldn't care less about her or any of her virgin friends. Here are some ways that Vavra alienates himself from the horse girl: When his pictures don't look perfect, he excuses it by blaming it on a brand new aspect of unicorns that nobody ever knew about before. For example, in one picture one of them has some kind of imperfection on his jaw. This is Vavra's explanation: "On the right cheek of this adolescent stag may be seen a boil or large pimple caused by a diet high in sweets." Unicorns do not have pimples! He likes to separate unicorns into different environments--some unicorns live in the woods, some prefer the flowers, some live in the ocean, etc. He calls them by their scientific names, for example, the flower unicorn becomes *Unicornus floreus*, as if we're supposed to get the binoculars if we see one and write it down in our field notebook. Vavra makes me so mad! A casual reader might excuse Vavra's liberties with the unicorn legend, but they make a horse girl livid. Don't try and tell her that Vavra is funny. Horse girls *do not have a sense of humor about unicorns!!!*

But phony or not, Vavra's "observations" about unicorn breeding ring more true than I could ever have hoped. I was skeptical at first, having just been expected to swallow that not only do unicorns have mane and tail decorating contests every spring but also that unicorns eat rocks. As he moved into the world of unicorn sex I was startled to realize that on this plane and this plane alone Mr. Vavra is right on the money. How can a man so ignorant of the horse girl mind happen to blithely trip across these sexual truths? Mr. Vavra is right. This is how unicorns breed:

It's springtime! The flowers are growing and the unicorns are in love. When the stag unicorn wants to express his affection for that certain someone, he delivers the mating call. This mating call is a single note which sounds as if it's being played in unison by the oboe, the cornet and the mellophone--first for 20 seconds before moving up to a higher note, then followed by 3 or 4 brief bursts of music. The mating call of the unicorn stag clearly transcends the bellows and oinks of the other animals. In fact, it sounds like classical music, and everybody knows how romantic that is. I picture this mating call directed at a horse girl on a moonlit night in a secluded meadow. She weeps, standing with her hands clasped in front of her mouth, as if to say "Do you really mean it? How can a perfect unicorn like you be in love with a girl like me?"

If the horse girl were a unicorn, her horn would now be excreting a thick sweet substance that Vavra calls "horn honey". Attracted beyond all control, the stag tears a bouquet of flowers from the ground and tosses it at her so that the petals are shaken off and drift down to the doe's sticky horn. Any horse girl reading this description is going to think *"This is how I want my wedding."* From there the unicorns waste no time, moving straight from the idyllic wedding to the rapturous wedding night. Vavra's narration carries us right over the threshold with them:

The stag then moves closer and tenderly begins to lick the horn which the doe has lowered, her eyes half closed in submission. The taste of the honey is so exciting to certain stags that they grip the horn in their mouths. Once the existing honey has been removed, most stags will rub their own horn against the doe's to stimulate more honey flow... (the odor is similar to that of carnival cotton candy).

Just imagine six horse girls in pajamas at a slumber party, all huddled over this book with wide eyes. But just at the moment when you think Vavra is going to cross the line and reveal more than a horse girl would consider appropriate, he draws the curtain of privacy:

It is at this moment that both animals glance at the human observer and move off into a section of the forest where vegetation is densest, especially the sort of growth, such as blackberries, that is covered with torturous thorns. ... Actual mating always occurs in thick vegetation or in the black of night.

Vavra actually includes a diagram of the mating process: a giant bush with two horns behind it.

Looking at Vavra's diagram I feel an eerie sense of nostalgia. When my friends and I played horse, "breeding" occurred constantly but of course it was never acted out in any realistic way. When it was time to bring new foals into the world, we would act out only the romantic prologue to the act itself. When it could be put off no longer, we would initiate a moment of silence to indicate that yes, breeding was occurring at that very moment. We would sit on the teeter-totters and wait.

The four of us--neglected and unpopular--were clearly the chaste maidens on the playground. Where were the unicorns? I just got a letter from Trisha, one of my old horse girl friends. She wrote: "I'm sorry to hear you never saw a unicorn. Me neither, although one time I thought I did down here at the park but it was two men kissing, wearing white clothes."

I never even got *that* close. The unicorns are ignoring me.



horse people there were so shocked and horrified that one guy grabbed a horse blanket and threw it on her to rescue her by covering her up!

KERRY: Ha! Gotta defend that honor!

RYDER: [*imitating the horse people*] "Oh my god, we must spring into action!" Story number three also involves a port-o-john. There were a bunch of guys who were workers there--they'd set up the jumps and all that stuff. They were all drinking beers after one of the shows and a buddy went off to use one of those things [p-o-j] and they figured, "Hey, let's go shake up--" I don't know what his name is, Bill or whatever--"Let's go scare Bill." They decided to sneak up on him while he was in there and just shake the hell out of this port-o-john thing 'cause they're really, like, sorta...portable obviously. So, they figured, "There he is, let's grab it!" They grab it and are shaking it and pounding on it and the door opens and it's this little girl who is

*not* their buddy! They were all embarrassed. She was really scared...traumatic experience.

# Crystal

## by Carrie

My first friend who was a horse girl was Crystal. She wore huge high heels and makeup and she was only eight. Her parents acted like they had no idea she was even alive. They didn't even help her *survive*. She had to find food. Her parents owned a tavern and in the summer we'd sleep in a row of cupboards that had been ripped out of the wall and dragged out to the backyard. We jammed candles onto nails which stuck out all over the inside. Then of course we'd scorch our hair accidentally all the time and the other person would smell it and knock a warning signal on the partition between our "rooms". It was like camping except it was necessary because neither of us could sleep in the house. We weren't really too welcome in any case but Crystal didn't want to anyway because she shared a room with her sister Roberta and it meant she had to crawl into bed between her and who knows which boyfriend. I didn't want to sleep in the house because one time Crystal and I were playing we were horses and we were galloping through the house--their house was the back part of the tavern and was basically a long hallway between stacks of garbage--and we galloped right through Crystal's brother David's room and right past David sitting on the bunkbed and right past Crystal's dad who was standing up in front of him with his pants shucked down to his ankles, and right out the back door.

Crystal wasn't really a horse girl by nature; she just did everything I said because I was the leader. We had only imaginary horses but this was in serious cowboy country where there were plenty of real horses everywhere. There was a little corral in the middle of town to put your horse while you go to the tavern. Going to the tavern is the only thing to do there. Roberta had a big quarterhorse named Smoky that we'd all ride bareback on at the same time and go through town so Roberta could pick up guys. We'd ride bareback because it was more sexy. Roberta never actually said that but it was clear. She'd throw gravel at their windows and yell lazy offensive things at them, like she didn't really give a fuck whether they came out or not: "Suey! Get out of bed, hog, breakfast don't stay hot all day!" Of course they would come out, and they'd put their hands all over her and say things that Crystal and I supposedly wouldn't understand while the two of us slapped the horse's butt at irregular intervals to try and get it to gallop when Roberta least expected it. Her whole attitude to these guys was "I know you want me but I'm way up here and you're way down there," and of course this was enhanced by the fact that they had to look up at her since she was sitting on a horse. I was in awe of Roberta. She could really cuss. And her horse was the type that farts and shits constantly, which gave Roberta endless opportunity to say the ultimate burn: "Smoky knows what you are!" There were only about three guys her age in the entire town and she was about the only girl. The odds of the only girl in town just happening to be a sex goddess are so small, but she really was, even by movie standards. She looked like a girl who you'd expect to see as a camp counselor in "Meatballs". She had a gravelly smoker's voice and had

boobs--bouncy round boobs, seventies type boobs. Even my dad was not immune to Roberta, and no one was immune to my dad, who is very charismatic (the waitresses loved him and called him "Jimbo," which is not his real name), so there was always this sexual tension between them. I was very suspicious of Roberta and idolized her at the same time. One time she asked if she could brush my hair and I sat on her bed next to her dressing table looking at her dozens and dozens of perfume bottles while she carefully brushed out all my tangles. I could hardly breathe it was such an honor but I remember thinking "I'll bet she's only brushing my hair because she wants to do it with my dad!"

Today Roberta lives in Portland. She's the only person raised in that town that got out that I know of. Crystal dropped out of school in the fourth grade. She later got this great idea to hire Chinese people to make part of the tavern into an authentic Chinese restaurant, and so they did, and her mom got addicted to bingo and lost all this money and the Chinese family eventually bought the tavern out from under them and they had to go live in trailers. Last time I saw Crystal it was one of those warm balmy white trash nights full of possibility. I was coming out of the Steakhouse with my dad where we'd celebrated the end of harvest and she was out in the middle of the dirt alley with a beer in one hand, riding piggy-back on a guy and shrieking: "Don't drop me, I ain't your wife, you fuck!"

## CRUSHED!

### THE MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF CATHERINE THE GREAT

by Kerry McLaughlin

Unlike most horse girls, Catherine II of Russia's horse love was carnal rather than divine. Rumor has it, she was crushed by Luka, a stud with gigantic genitalia, while he was being lowered upon her for a barnyard liaison. In his book *Catherine The Great: Life and Legend*, stuffy biographer, John T. Alexander, discredits the story in an entirely humorless way and attributes her death to apoplexy--whatever that is. I find it much more entertaining to believe the horse story.

Catherine began riding at age 15--the same year she married Grand Duke Peter. She soon became a very good equestrian and managed her fiery horses with the same vigor with which she later managed Russia. The Grand Duchess would spend up to thirteen hours in the saddle! She writes in her memoirs: "The more violent the exercise the more I enjoyed it." Apparently, riding astride lessened her monthly hypochondria, but Empress Elizabeth feared it would impair her fecundity and forbade it. In spite, Catherine daringly devised a saddle that could be ridden both side-saddle and astride!

However, Catherine was best known for her voracious sexual appetite. After troublesome husband Peter III was overthrown by her partisans and murdered, Catherine was a free woman. She had numerous high-profile lovers (most notably the Russo-Turk War hero, Potemkin) who rose and fell from political fame as they fell in and out of her favor. Early afternoon in her court was known as "lovers' hour." Catherine told

Potemkin on his deathbed when he asked her to divulge how many had preceded him, "The trouble is that my heart would not willingly remain one hour without love." She had had fifteen before him.

It was most likely this "scandalous" behavior coupled with political contempt that led to the Horse Story. For centuries, this tale was never written down, merely passed on by word of mouth. Earlier biographies will never mention this story. They will allude:

Catherine the Great of Russia had an immense sexual appetite which led to her death when a horse was lowered on her too suddenly.

Mostly, however, they bow to apoplexy (which, I just found out, is a stroke). One version mentions her suffering an attack of apoplexy while on the commode. At least John T. Alexander pays homage to the story, but he remains no fun. He simply poo-poos it as rubbish. Alexander says the story serves to slander Catherine with the easy target of her "unnatural" female sexual voracity" with the suiting punishment of death by penile impalement.

Perhaps the most telling part of John T. Alexander's little anti-Horse Story diatribe is the entire page he dedicates to dissecting why females enjoy this legend. He feels he would be an expert on this because he spent "twenty-two years of instructing male and female students, mostly undergraduates, at the University of Kansas over three decades of 'sexual revolution,' 1966-1988." He pores over the research on female sexual fantasies by "amateur sexologist" Nancy Friday (good name!). He prints a quote of Friday's in which she explains that it's the "size of the prick" that inspires barnyard stud fantasies. Friday asks, "How can a woman look at a prick that big and not imagine it going into her?" Anyhow, by including this whole discussion about why women might possibly be interested in sex with livestock, it's as if he is trying to defend Catherine: "Well, even if it is true, it's perfectly natural--all women *think* it...Catherine just *did* it!" Here, his smug academic smile quivers with insecurity: in some small recess of his brain, he's afraid the story is true.

Frankly, I think Alexander is miffed because he has a deep rooted love affair with his twenty years of Catherine research (he dedicates the book to his wife, "the other empress in my life") and doesn't want her remembered as The One Who Got It From A Horse. But that seems to be how most minds work. I knew Rasputin only as The One Who Poisoned People, but this generated my interest enough to make me investigate his life as a Russian Monk under Czar Nicholas. It is much more interesting starting out knowing Napoleon had a one-inch penis that was auctioned off sometime in the twentieth century for a giant sum of money\* before diving into his foreign relations and national diplomacy. I guarantee keeping a fact like that in your mind makes history much more interesting. It's also like flashcards:

Marie Antoinette--Head chopped off.

Fredrick the Great of Prussia--Would insist that his troops of six-foot tall calvarymen march through

his room to cheer him up when he was depressed.  
Sherwood Anderson--Choked to death on a hors d'oeuvres toothpick.

William Howard Taft--Used to get stuck in his bathtub (he was so fat!).

Catherine The Great--Smothered by a horse during sex.

Once that is established, then you dig further. I know very little about Ho Chi Minh because I'm as of yet unaware of any personal bits of dirt about him. If you know of any, *please* tell me. Catherine the Great has an incredible claim to fame as far as I'm concerned--it's what made me want to read further into her life. So, John T. Alexander shouldn't be so sad about this rumor--it's a doorway for a lot of people into the life of "one of the most colorful characters in modern history" (as Alexander's book sleeve will attest).

Politically, I suppose it could've been some evil British and French anti-Russian plot to slander Catherine's name. I could expound how it's perceived as a typical white male reaction to a woman who exerts power, but--yawn--where is the fun in that? Believing what is fun to believe is what Catherine the Great certainly did--she decreed a lover's hour to her entire court, for goodness sake!--and I think I'll follow suit by believing she died with her rump up high in the air waiting for the greatest thrill of her horse girl life.



Her face seems to show the pressures already starting to weigh on the new sovereign.

Empress Catherine II astride Brilliant on 29 June 1762, the day of her triumph over Peter III at Peterhof, by Vigilius Ericksen, 1765. A huge copy of this picture, seven feet square, still decorates the east wall of the Great Hall at Peterhof.

\*I read that in the *Book of Lists* that used to lie around the bathroom in the house I grew up in.

When I am upset, he does not try to cheer me up or give advice... He even may seem like he isn't paying attention (he may be eating grass) But in fact, he is Always listening.



## Horse Girl Speaks!

### I RODE HORSES WITH OLIVER NORTH'S CHILD

by Mary Ripley

My odyssey into horse gratification began in fourth grade in Camp Lejeune, N.C. Marine Corps base, with Tate North (spawn of Oliver). Horse riding was a plan devised by my father to distract me from boys, although I had no interest in them anyway. I was in the exclusive company of a woman instructor and other young women in tight jodphurs. A haven in the middle of the largest Marine Corps base in the world. The only man I ever interacted with was the Head of the program --the man who took the fees. The horses kept me a good Catholic girl although I never confessed to the priest about the lascivious pleasure I got walking close to a horse's behind. And all the gear involved, especially harnesses, chaps, whips, and bats have had an irreversible effect. Outshining every other tangible asset were the jeans (*choirs of angels singing*). In any other situation, I wasn't allowed to wear jeans, and pants only with a dress over them. My mom believed that girls were meant to wear dresses and pants were for men. While I could never hope to wear Jordache and Dr. Scholls, I could cruise around the stables in a pair of Ooh, la la--Sassoon! jeans and boots. Big stuff. Tate wore jodphurs only.

Poor Tate was Baptist which meant she had about eight more hours church time on the weekends: four on Sunday and four on Friday night during the 4-H club meeting. 4-H was a pony/horse anatomy and agriculture club. We would meet and learn about various pathologies and occasionally see some dissections. It was my full pleasure to later describe the horse gore to Tate in the grossest way possible. My jealousy of Tate was initiated at our first meeting. I was astride a big horse named Dong Ha and she was laughing at his name while astride her horse with the cutesy name--I think it was Starlight. All the horses at the stable were named after military bases around the

world, about 150 horses in all. Mostly I rode a horse named Saipan, a 15 1/2 hand, dark brown mare. Every *Black Stallion* novel was rewritten in my head starring me and Saipan.

I got thrown off Saipan at a horse show and knocked down two fences with my head 'cause she stopped right in front of them. Tate, the more accomplished rider, finished first in the event, clearing all the fences. A clean ride, a clean girl, white jodphurs, she sucks. I guess she still rides the white light of Christianity.

## The Grassy Knoll: Another Look At Clitoral Stimulation

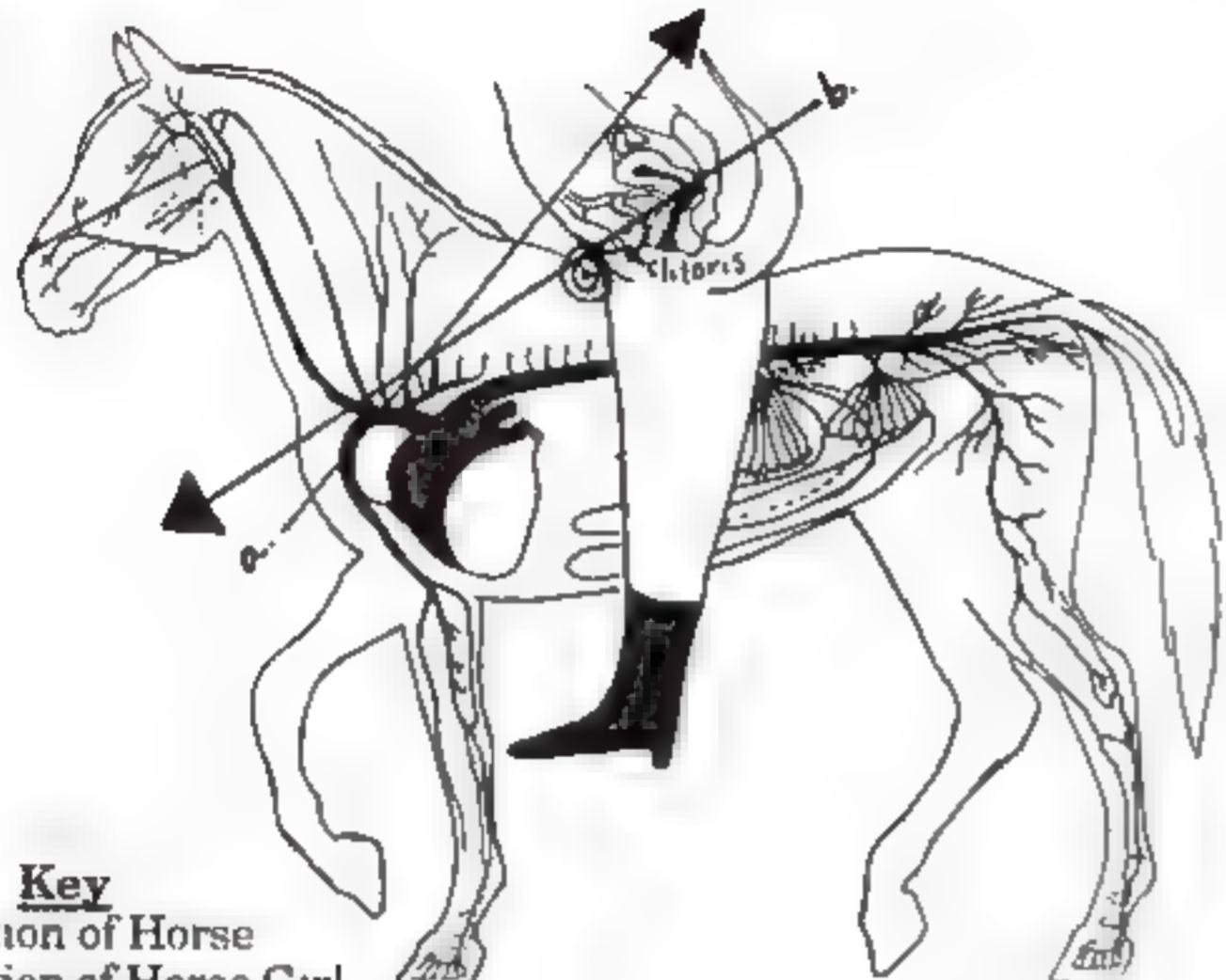
by Kerry

Why do girls like horses? To get their rocks off. NO! First off, the saddle is no cushy pleasure seat and it certainly doesn't take your butt bone into account. Secondly, you are most likely wearing joy-constricting dungarees, and thirdly and most importantly, the horse-to-clitoris trajectory is improperly set up for full masturbatory fun. The first two obstacles I have mentioned can probably be avoided by the advanced and romantic technique of riding bareback naked (although that hurts like hell), but the skewed trajectory is the reason to seek other onanistic practices.

If you will refer to figure 1, you will notice (although it's not drawn in) that the most obvious obstacle to clitoral bliss is the horse's back bone. Then, you'll note the motion of the horse doesn't coincide with the motion of your nether regions. You go down and the horse goes up and BAM! Your breasts (if they've developed) bounce violently, your butt bone bruises, your thighs clench in desperation to hold on and then WHOMP! against the labia is what is mistakenly referred to as "stimulation." It is probably as stimulating as whacking your *mons pubis* with a car door--repeatedly.

However, there is some *mental* stimulation from the pain. A whole ride (for a beginner anyhow) is a struggle of "How can I position my ass more comfortably?" while trying to steer the horse and maintain womanly composure. The only real way for a novice to accomplish comfort is to bounce herself numb in the offending areas. Once numbness is attained, you feel like you have won an important battle and the rest is a cinch. You are truly an advanced rider when you shun the numb and accept the pain with the pleasure---very Kung Fu.

The horse girls at my school--Kathy and Heather--seemed to handle the clitoral accusation pretty well. They'd simply ignore it because they wanted nothing to do with human sex. Sure, Kathy would talk freely and professionally about "then the stud mounts the filly and inserts his penis..." at Monday afternoon girl scout meetings, but she and Heather sure clammed up during the question and answer section of the fifth grade menstruation films. Instead, they experienced the facts of life vicariously through horses.



**Key**  
 a. Motion of Horse  
 b. Motion of Horse Girl  
 (c) Point of alleged "stimulation"

Figure 1. Horse-to-Clitoris Trajectory

continued from previous page

Model horses substituted nicely for Barbies. When Barbie was stripped naked and placed on top of Ken by me, Kristen Simeroth and most other ten-year-olds, Kathy and Heather would sit at the tables behind Mrs. Nelson's class and mount Seabiscut upon Morning Star.

Anyhow, this rumor has only served to cheapen the sanctity of the horse girl's love. Her love comes from something far more deeper than the GI Joe boys and Fashion Plate girls who thought up the lie up could understand. The horse girl doesn't care if she is the butt of jokes (Why does Kathy like horses? It's the biggest piece of meat she can get between her legs!), she's attained spiritual contentment through the purity and independence of the horse that can't be experienced with Stretch Armstrong or the Millenium Falcon.



Kathy Fenker



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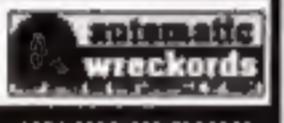


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On Friday June 11, 1993, Suzanne and I drove past Omaha and decided to stick it out until Des Moines. Something was calling us and that something was:

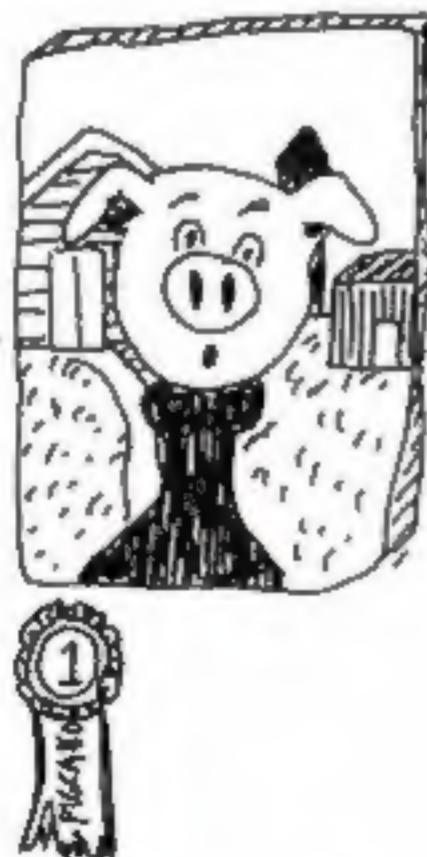
## WORLD PORK EXPO '93

by  
Kerry

We followed all the pickup trucks in town to the Iowa State Fairgrounds. On the perimeter of the fairgrounds, fat mothers with unruly kids sold parking spaces on their lawns. The grounds were vast--it is, after all, the world's largest pork-specific event. To help us out, a 75-page guide was shoved in our hands.

On the front of the guide, there are four men with pitchforks barbecuing, I think, all the pork in the world on the longest grill in the world. Inside, the letter from the Head of the Pork Council welcomes expo patrons and thanks us "whatever [our] reasons for coming to the expo are." There are ads for intriguing sounding products like Safe-Guard--a dewormer, PIG-tel piglet brooders (?!), Porkmaker eartags for swine and Kent Feed Co., whose ad has a burly man in denim looking you square in the eye and announcing "I have an agreement with my feed company, they don't raise hogs and I don't sell feed."

The guide also tells us about ongoing events like the Pork Aptitude Test, the PigCasso™ Art Show, Name That Weight Contest, Bill Riley Talent Search (12-21 year olds) and Pig Races. Unfortunately, we were in a hurry to get to Illinois and experience the worst summer of our lives, so we couldn't see all of these events. But the PigCasso Art Show was all I had ever hoped for. A modest size gallery served as common ground for Pig Men and Women of the Midwest to toil in various mediums to express true and sincere love of hog. The winner was a painting of a pig in a turtleneck which touched on the deeper subject of, "Aren't we *all* just pigs in turtlenecks?" It looked like this:



In between the Art Show and the next hall was the "Squeal of Fortune"--a raffle offering a Ford to the winner--and various barbecues with themes like Pigs In Space. The next hall had a 30 foot display table of lacquered pork entrees like the kind outside sushi restaurants with a plastic



Some of the Des Moines area's best weekend barbecue warriors will represent Iowa companies at World Pork Expo

gob of fat next to each entree showing the fat content in the food. You were supposed to think, "That's not the same fatty Pork I used to know!" I sampled Pork Jerky, which crumbles more readily than beef jerky, but is still very good.

"Ask the Expert" was hosted by swine specialists like Keith Thornton, the International Consultant in Pig Production, who traveled all the way from Britain to field questions concerning nutrition, health, waste management and genetics. In fact, genetics seemed to be the buzz around the whole expo, but only if you had an in on the pork scene. I remained and sadly still remain ignorant of hog genetics, Pseudorabies Eradication and Porcine Stress Syndrome. I just haven't had the time. I suspect the "Ask The Expert" segment of the Expo was similar to other conventions in which the holier-than-thou attitudes, name-dropping and gossip come to the forefront.

I saw an entire family dressed in matching overalls marveling at hog stall cleaning technology. I petted live pigs while smelling the pork barbecue across the fairground. After spending sometime in the Midwest, I learned the importance Missouri and Illinois natives place on The Other White Meat. While living in a town of 300 in Southern Illinois for two and a half months, I was served deep fried pork steak every other night. The Expo could only thrive in this part of the country. It would fall prey to protesters and other impurities on either of the coasts.

I left the Expo and the Midwest a convert. It was more than just an Industry Expo and giant pork ad, it's a celebration of an underdog, of an aspect of life most people refuse to celebrate anymore: meat. You know, pork has really gotten a bum rap over the years. It isn't just that lardy lumpy entree you thought--there's people behind that pork. There's America behind that pork.



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